

SERVICE BY THE EDUCATED NEGRO.

TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE, ALA.

THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE

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DECEMBER, 1903.

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AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE,
MUSIC, ART, RELIGION, FICTION AND TRADITIONS OF
THE NEGRO RACE.

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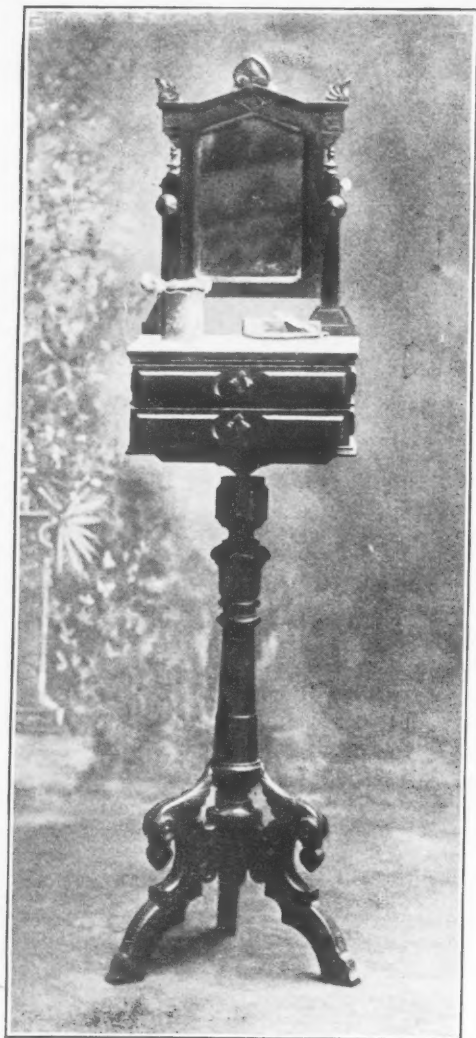


SISTINE MADONNA.

~ PUBLISHED BY ~
THE COLORED CO-OPERATIVE
PUBLISHING COMPANY

82 WEST CONCORD ST., BOSTON, MASS.

— SKETCH '01



SHAVING STAND

MADE AT

Lark's Cabinet Making Works

658 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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We herewith present you with a Photo-engraving of a very useful, artistic and handsome piece of household furniture—our first creation—a shaving stand and cabinet. Every man who shaves himself will at once recognize the value and utility of this stand. Made of the very best quarter-sawn oak, it forms a strong cabinet in which one's shaving tools can be kept with safety. The drawers are ample and the top one being provided with a lock and key the trouble of keeping razor, brush, bay-rum, etc., where they can be found is entirely eliminated.

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We believe there is a large field in the manufacturing world for the Negro, and having met with surprising success in the printing and stationery business, we have begun this new enterprise of furniture manufacturing.

This circular is addressed especially to our leading public men and women with the hope of securing an order from a fair number, as it will serve not only the benefit of a particular sale, but as a reference for us in introducing our furniture in other homes.

We are not asking that you "buy stock" in some enterprise on paper, the materialization or value of which you might justly question, but we ask you to purchase a valuable and artistic piece of furniture, primarily because of its value and use, and secondarily as an encouragement to this new enterprise of Afro-Americans.

We make this article in our own shops at 658 Fulton Street and we very cordially invite you to call and see these men at work. We guarantee the quality of material and workmanship. The price is as low, indeed lower, than any other house for furniture of this quality; we therefore feel that, holding the position you do, we should have your order.

We have over \$2,000.00 actually invested in our business of printing and cabinet making, and having done business day in and day out for the past six years, we can justly feel that the people are satisfied with our work.

Our Mr. Snowden, foreman of the Cabinet-making department, is a practical furniture man—having been employed in this line of work for over twenty years at Augusta, Ga.

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We ask no money until you shall have seen the article in your home and carefully compared it with the best furniture. If then you are satisfied—pay as suits your convenience. Certainly this is a business proposition.

You should have this because of the present fashion of securing furniture of an antique and odd design. This is made in direct and exact imitation of Colonial styles, which you are aware is the present vogue in the Art furniture world.

We make only choice, odd and artistic furniture, such as genuine Mahogany, Walnut and Oak Parlor Tables, Sewing Tables, Shaving Stands and Hall Clocks.

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Remember we ask not one cent until you shall have examined our goods and then allow you to make terms. Will you not encourage this enterprise.

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LARK'S ELECTRIC PRINT, 658 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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WITH a view to increase our circulation, we offer the following PREMIUMS to all new subscribers who shall send us their names before February, 1904. Two of these offers will be made by special arrangement with the publishers. They are the great magazine "Success" and Mr. Booker T. Washington's two famous books "Up from Slavery" and "Character Building."

In many ways the magazine "Success" is, at present, the most popular one of its class in the country. It is beautiful in every respect and presents a galaxy of the most brilliant writers for the coming year. *Sample Copies sent on Application.*

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To each person sending us \$1.50 in advance, we will give THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE for one year, and any of the following Books:

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By E. Bulwer Lytton
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 The COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE, for one year, and STUDENT'S
 MUSIC ROLL.

The Student's Music Roll is made of the very best English saddle leather and according to the latest designs in Music Rolls. In russet, maroon or black colors. Price in the stores, \$1.50 each. Postage 9cts.

The COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE, for one year, and "UP FROM SLAVERY." 15cts. for postage.

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The COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE, for one year, and LADIES' MUSIC BAG.

The Ladies' Music Bag is made of the very best leather, seal grained with double handles, strap and buckle, and will carry twelve to fifteen pieces of sheet music without injury. Price in stores, \$2.60. Postage 18 cts.

To the AGENT who will send us 75 new yearly subscribers by February, 1904, we will give TEN DOLLARS in GOLD.

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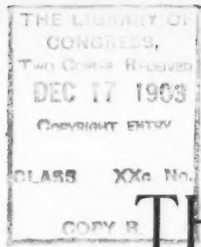
Persons sending for PREMIUMS must enclose the price of postage and packing on the article sent them as named above. When sent by express, they can pay the express charge on delivery.

When PREMIUMS are ordered and not received within ten days, please notify us at once of the delay.

Address **The Colored Co-operative Publishing Company**
82 West Concord Street, Boston, Mass.



THE REDEEMER.



THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. VI.

DECEMBER, 1903.

No. 12

THE OLD CHURCH BELL.

OLLIE E. WARD.

Right merrily rings the old church bell,
What joy, what joy its music tells,
Hark! and you will hear it say—
Rejoice and be glad, 'tis Christmas day.
Rejoice and be glad, 'tis Christmas day.
Its merry chimes sound loud and clear,
As they peal forth on the frosty air,
In triumphant tones, it seems to say—
Christ was born on Christmas day.
Christ was born on Christmas day.
Peace on earth, good will to men,—
Rings the old church bell again,
Peace on earth, good will to men,
Christ was born in Bethlehem,
Christ was born in Bethlehem,
Ding, dong, know ye not 'tis Christmas
morn!
Come one, come all, in answer to my
merry call.
Come raise your voice in cheerful song,
To praise the Lord this Christmas morn,
To praise the Lord this Christmas morn.



THE VALE OF NAZARETH.

THE CHILDHOOD OF A PERFECT MAN.

A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

"Without the gate, afar
 Stretches the dusky plain;
 No hint of human pain
 Or sin is here to mar
 The night's deep calm; o'erhead
 The star that shepherds led:
 Sleep, Jesu, sleep!

"Sweet brow, that thorns shall pierce!
 Sweet breast, that yet must be
 In dark Gethsemane
 Torn with such anguish fierce!
 Sweet eyes, that yet must see
 The way to Calvary!
 Sleep, Jesu, sleep!

"Thou Son of God, all hail!
 Of millions yet to be;
 Staff, sword and panoply!
 Light that shall never pale!
 Mighty thy name! Yet now,
 My child, my baby, thou—
 Sleep, Jesu, sleep!"

The world had grown so tired of waiting for the promised King that it was beginning to forget, and just when they least thought of it, lo! the prophecy came true.

On the first Christmas morning before the light had come, the great King came upon earth. It was the same King that David had sung of, and the same King John had told about! The same King the world had waited for!

And this is how it came about.

Shepherds were watching their flocks by night, and they dreamed that their King had come. They awoke suddenly and saw a bright light and they heard voices which told them to follow the beautiful star which was standing high in the heavens, for its light would lead them to where the King was.

They arose in the night and followed the star a long way, when suddenly it stopped and hung over the very place

where they were to find their King. And they went in; and lo! They found that their great King was only a tiny babe; its throne was its mother's knee, and its palace a manger.

Wonderful stories are told by those who came to the manger and found the little child. They saw a bright light above it, that lighted its face and all about it. And they brought gifts and laid at the mother's feet.

how must his own mother have loved him!

As she hung over him and his shining eyes looked into hers, she watched him, listening for the signs by which she would surely know he was the King. And as over the face of the babe there crept smiles, no one knew what those smiles meant except the mother; for she knew that the smiles of her child would bring peace to the world.



THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

They called the babe their King, for they believed it was the child of God. The shepherds went out among the people full of joy and thanks, and told all they met of the babe that was born to be their King.

Of all the beautiful mothers, think how beautiful must be the mother of a King! If you and I love the King child Jesus,

When the King was still but a tiny babe, he took a long journey.

The prince of this world has heard of his birth from the shepherds who had brought the gifts, and he trembled lest the child grow up and become King in his place. And he sent his souldiers out to find the child and take him away.

One still night an angel of the Lord



THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

told the mother of the King the thoughts of the prince. And Mary told her dream to Joseph, and Joseph bought a beast of burden and placed the mother upon it with the child in her arms. Then he started out on foot, leading the beast towards Egypt, for there the angels told them the child would be safe.

Poets tell us of this long journey through the south. They say the light with which he was born never left his face, and lighted their way. The palm-trees stooped to give them fruit to eat. All the dangers of the desert passed them by; dry rose-bushes bloomed anew and filled the wide bare land with perfume, and the mother put the roses in her baby's hands.

Two years they wandered about the river Nile, and there the child's soft feet took their first steps which afterwards led so many friends into right paths; and there the baby's lips first learned to

speak to the mother's eyes—those lips which since have spoken the sweetest words in all the world. And in two years, back they came to the little white-roofed city of Nazareth, and to the quiet home where Jesus grew to sweetest boyhood.

In far-off Palestine, in years long past, the people went once a year to the city of Jerusalem to celebrate the great feast. They would start out in little parties from the different hamlets. Often whole families, mother, father and children went together, riding, walking and resting by the way.

The boy Jesus, with Mary and Joseph, took this long journey, too, and many other little folks were along. Such a happy band as they were. The boys and girls would rest themselves by mounting the camels and donkeys behind their mothers and then be better ready for their long tramp. They would stop by

the way for their bread and meat, to sleep at night, so it took several days to reach Jerusalem, where the feast was to be held.

"The child Jesus was afoot, like his brethren, small, growing and slender. On his head a white handkerchief, held in place by a cord, one corner turned under at the forehead, the other corners loose. A tunic, also white, covered him from neck to knees, girt at the waist. His

The lad came away from Jerusalem with an illumined consciousness of his duties,—a light which laid bare the infinite mysteries of his "Father's business."

From then on his spiritual growth was rapid. We see him again in the temple at the time of the Passover driving out the money changers. Armed with a lash he strode through the crowd crying in tones of command:



IN THE GARDEN.

arms and legs were bare; on his feet were sandals of the most primitive kind, being soles of ox-hide attached to the ankles by leathern straps. He carried a stick much taller than himself."

Filled with divine wisdom the child wandered into the temple, where after three days, as he sat in the midst of the priests, Mary and Joseph found him. And Jesus told them how he had taught the priests of His Father in heaven that which it was well they should know.

"Take these things hence; make not my Father's house a house of merchandise."

He now preached the advent of the Kingdom of Heaven and his remarkable utterances attracted all conditions of men. He became the famous young rabbi, the new teacher, Jesus of Nazareth, of whom all men spake! He taught in the synagogue, he cast out evil spirits, healed the sick, raised the dead, and performed all manner of wonderful deeds

ever hastening towards the final tragedy.

Then came the end—the trial before Pontius Pilate, the punishment before crucifixion of smiting with braided cords tipped with pointed bones and lumps of lead until nature succumbed to the unbearable pain. Deserted by friends, his doom was sealed. We see him next bearing the cross and falling beneath its weight. And of all the nations represented in that city, but one, Simon, the Cyrenian, a Negro, took pity on our Savior's suffering and helped him bear the cross.

He climbed the hill; his outstretched

arms were fastened to the cross by nails driven through the flesh of each quivering hand and foot, and the innocent victim was left to die a slow and hideous death. Passersby looked up and laughed.

To the youth of every race this life of a young man bears its lesson, but more especially to the Negro. Has he not something of comfort in the thought that, despised and rejected by men though he be, the Negro helped to bear the cross of Jesus. Surely the future promises bright, for the reward to such a race must be fraught with the radiance of the sun.

SERVICE BY THE EDUCATED NEGRO.

ROSCOE CONKLING BRUCE.

[Address given at the Commencement Exercises of the M Street High School, Washington, D. C., June 16, 1903.]

When George William Curtis had received from Harvard her greatest degree, he arose at the Alumni Dinner and said, "In the old Italian story the nobleman turns out of the hot street crowded with eager faces into the coolness and silence of his palace. As he looks at the pictures of the long line of ancestors he hears a voice,—or is it his own heart beating?—which says to him *noblesse oblige*. The youngest scion of the oldest house is pledged by all the virtues and honor of his ancestry to a life not unworthy his lineage. . . . When I came here I was not a nobleman, but today I have been ennobled. The youngest doctor of the oldest school, I too, say with the Indian, *noblesse oblige*. I am pledged by all the honorable traditions of the noble family into which I am this day adopted" . . . You, my friends, are ennobled by the diploma of

a school, rich in traditions of high endeavor and actual service. Shall those traditions fail to enter your hearts, and to quicken your energies, and to chasten your ambitions? This question you are not now competent to answer, and you will not be competent until you have lived your lives.

Your equipment for the business of life is not contemptible. As workers, you have some acquaintance with the natural resources of our country, and the ways in which they have been utilized in the production and distribution of commodities through the perfecting of industrial organization and the applying of science to work. More, importantly, you possess in varying degrees a group of valuable industrial qualities,—that ambition without which work is drudgery and enlargement of life unsought and unattainable; that habit of

earnest endeavor which, established by continuous attention to Greek or Latin, mathematics or history, may be utilized in the school room, or on the farm, or in the court room; that habit of self-control which enables men to sacrifice vagrant impulse to sober duty; that resourcefulness which discovers better methods of getting work done; that directing intelligence by which one man can effectively organize for a given purpose, many materials and many workers. In addition to the knowledge and the qualities I have mentioned, most of you have a settled disposition toward some form of self-support appropriate to an exceptional training; while you know that some men must black other men's boots, you also know that a boot-black with a high school diploma at home means waste—waste of time, waste of money, waste of education. Moreover, you appreciate the duties and value the privileges of citizenship in a democracy, and most of you have on the whole a serious intent to do what you reasonably can to promote the general welfare. Such is your equipment as citizens. Finally, as human beings, you are able to participate in the intellectual, aesthetic, and moral interests of cultivated people. How may you with such equipment be really useful under the conditions of American life? That is our problem.

And right here let me say that nobody wishes you to make a profession of uplifting your race. In the first place, that's a pretty big job; and in the second place, your race is uplifted whenever one of you manages well a truck farm, a grocery store, a school room, or a bank. Charity begins at home; your chief business should be to uplift each himself. My present purpose, however, is to consider mainly how such individual success may contribute to the welfare of the many.

Let us consider, first of all, how you may be of direct service by work in which the chief factor is personal influence and by work in which the chief factor is directing intelligence

Teaching is an art inseparable from the personality of the teacher,—an art in which a mature person seeks by personal influence to help immature persons build their characters soundly. Teaching ability, to adapt the words of Cardinal Newman, "is not a mere extrinsic or accidental advantage which is ours today and another's tomorrow, which may be got up from a book and easily forgotten again, which we can command or communicate at our pleasure, which we can borrow for the occasion, carry about in our hands and take into the market; it is an acquired illumination, it is a habit, a personal possession and an inward endowment." The best way to become a good teacher is, therefore, to become a good man or a good woman, and to grow in power to interest and influence young people. Such personality and power cannot be manufactured to order, but are slowly developed by much reading and thinking and doing and no little contact with wholesome people. In Charles Francis Adams' pungent address, at Cambridge in 1883, he said, "In these days of repeating rifles, my alma mater sent me and my classmates out into the strife equipped with shields and swords and javelins. We were to grapple with living questions through the medium of the dead languages." While thus sharply criticizing the content of the curriculum, Mr. Adams would have been the first to maintain that to breathe the atmosphere of a university is an assured way of getting broadened culture, and that this atmosphere is made largely by the teachers. Frederick Douglass had no university degree, but he was certainly a man of culture; his teachers were among the choicest spirits

of an aroused generation—Sumner and Garrison and Wendell Phillips — and they gave him breadth and balance and clear-sightedness. Charles Francis Adams was set upon the highway of modern culture despite the curriculum; Douglass received that grace which is of the spirit of literature without the curriculum. Both men were deeply indebted to noble teachers. The thing that makes one school different from another is not so much curriculum and apparatus, as teaching body. Algebra and trigonometry, Greek and Latin, history and political economy, the student will forget; but he will not forget a teacher gentle but earnest, of disinterested scholarship and life-long devotion. The specific teaching may be quite erased from the memory, but in the heart will be left a deepening respect for the teacher.

Many of you are to become classroom teachers. Remember that teaching ability is an inward endowment; remember that a morally stunted man or a ribbon-loving woman cannot be an effective teacher. The most searching critic of character I ever knew was a barefoot boy whose laughing eyes danced over the pages of the fourth reader; an intuitive philosopher he! School boy opinion has, I doubt not, many vagaries but on the whole its essential decisions as to teachers are amazingly correct. Whether you teach geography by the Oswego Method, is not greatly to the point; whether you have won the confidence of your class—that is the main issue; and that conquest is not made by the sword of discipline, but by the spirit of vigorous goodness.

Moreover the genuine teacher knows that his duty is not bounded by the four walls of the classroom. He is dealing with boys and girls to be sure, but he is dealing with more—with social conditions. The life and work of the community he must study quite as much as

he must study the child. Indeed, child and man are largely products of social conditions. The educated teacher, by friendly visits to homes and by cheerful work in churches and societies, will seek to elevate community opinion and the standard of life and work. A crowded unclean home in an undrained street, is almost as much an object of concern to the educated teacher as is a hopeless little dunce who can't spell "rabbit"! Let us ground child-study in community study.

This knowledge of the life and work of the community will react upon the program of study. The educated teacher, I have said, aims at raising somewhat the level of life in the community. The program of study is an instrument for that end. A school unresponsive to the needs of actual life is a school preparing for Utopia. The universities and the public schools of the Western States illustrate what I mean; for example, the University of California has recently introduced a course in irrigation. And here in the East, Cornell teaches poultry raising. For an unscrubbed population the school should emphasize cleanliness; for a propertyless population, foresight and thrift. Let me speak even more definitely. In this city of Washington, as in other urban communities, the death rate of the Negro population is exceedingly high. This excessive death rate is due to a variety of causes; relatively low economic position is a powerful cause. Thus, one of the largest industrial insurance companies in the United States finds, I learn, that the death rate of Negroes is practically the same as that of whites, in approximately the same industrial occupations; and there is much more evidence to the same effect. In addition to the teaching of hygiene, the school may aim to remedy the conditions expressed in the high death rate, in two ways,—first, through

imparting productive capacity by the training of hands; and second, through developing wants by the touching of hearts and arousing of minds.

Already you have a manual training high school and through the grades certain work in carpentry and sewing and cooking. The increasing efficiency of all such work should be welcomed and actively aided by every educated teacher.

found need, and for the schools a rare opportunity. Moreover, the school life of most children is short, not over five or six years. If the school possessed adequate facilities for giving industrial capacity, more parents would be willing and able to let their children remain in school seven and eight and nine years. The schools and the cultivated portion of this community cannot afford to give



ROSCOE CONKLING BRUCE.

After a while, let us hope, the schools here will offer from one end to the other, such teaching of the industrial arts as will prepare students worthily to maintain themselves under severe economic stress. Do you realize that, despite the enlargement of educational opportunities in Washington and the growth of the Negro population, there are probably here today fewer Negro artisans than there were in 1870? Here is a pro-

those who ask for bread a stone. We must send the whole boy to school and not merely his head!

Not for a moment do I decry that important function of the schools, which I have called the development of wants. Human wants are social forces. Corn and cotton are grown to supply certain bodily wants; the fine arts are cultivated in response to certain aesthetic wants; philosophy and pure science are elabo-

rated at the quiet insistence of certain intellectual wants; religion is preached to assuage certain spiritual wants. Every voluntary act is the handmaid of some want. Now, it is the fundamental business of the schools to enlarge the range of the students' interests and wants, to stir up a divine discontent. The saddest thing about the Negro peasant in his windowless cabin in Georgia, the saddest thing about the Negroes in the filthy shanties of Mobile, New York, and Washington, is not so much poverty, as slovenly unconcern. What all such people need — be they white or black, red or yellow—is the development of wants—wants for better things. A man of moderately developed wants will exert himself to get a steady job under healthful conditions, to get a comfortable house to live in—three or four sunny, pleasantly furnished rooms and, if possible a garden for vegetables and flowers — yes, he will exert himself to win a wife to make that house a home. Such wants (and they are, you will note, not impossibly spiritual) every school ought to tend to develop.

In short, the development of the wants of sober men and the giving of the skill to buy the means of satisfying those wants—these two things are vital to the work of the school. Let me be clearly understood; the school should of course develop the more spiritual wants, wants for the things that give literature and art and religion their values. These spiritual things are the headwaters of the fullest and deepest and highest enjoyments of life. But these matters have long been emphasized in the traditions of school-men; moreover, when the flesh is weak, the spirit is not very strong. My wish just now is to emphasize the things that lie at the basis of race maintenance and progress.

The considerations brought forward

exhibit the opportunities of the teacher and the high significance of the teacher's work.

Teaching and preaching are very much alike. Phillips Brooks said very truly that preaching is the bringing of truth through personality. Some of you will prepare yourselves to preach; all of you will have to do with preachers. There is no lack of preachers, but there is much lack of good preachers. The preacher has the entree to the firesides of the people. The educated preacher, like the educated teacher, realizes the profound effect that the housing of the working classes exerts upon the morals and the efficiency and the happiness of the working classes, the profound effect that surroundings exert upon life and character.

The preacher will use some of the influence that issues from his superrational functions to make the homes of the people hygienically as well as morally clean, to make those homes more attractive than the resorts of vice.

Religion and the Church have, from a certain point of view, two main functions,—first, to make peace between human society and assumed spiritual beings; and, second, to antagonize anti-social acts and tendencies. The first function, religion performs for a horde of man-eating savages as well as for the congregation of St. Paul's; the second function religion performs, characteristically by allying itself with morality. The surprisingly low death rate of Jews wherever found is unquestionably due in large part to this alliance of religion and morality. In our English Bible we find:—

"And God spake all these words, saying,

"Honour thy father and thy mother . .

"Thou shalt not kill.

"Thou shalt not commit adultery.

"Thou shalt not steal.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.

"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, . . . nor anything that is thy neighbour's.

"And all the people saw the thunderings, and the lightnings, and the noise of the trumpet, and the mountain smoking"

Now, the practical usefulness of the preacher lies largely in the fact that he supplies the sanctions for right doing,—the thunderings and the lightnings and the noise of the trumpet, the mountain smoking, and in all but above all Jehovah. To show the man in the street or in the cotton field that for him lying and stealing are bad because, if everybody were a liar and a thief, society would fall to pieces,—that would be very well, but it would hardly make the man honest in word and deed. If, however, you marshal feelings of awe and reverence in defence of honesty, if you get God on your side, your success is more assured and you may develop a "sensitivity to principle which feels a stain like a wound." The preacher fortifies the common moralities with these religious sanctions and that is no easy business. The preacher must himself be righteous, resourceful, sympathetic, with the gift of nearness to men. Such qualities education is peculiarly fit to bestow or to develop, and hence an educated ministry is sorely needed by our people from Boston to New Orleans.

An educated ministry would realize that social settlements, gymnasiums, kindergartens, day nurseries, friendly visiting, homes for defectives and orphans and the aged may fitly and usefully be organized and maintained by the church. By such means the church may tend to establish a kingdom of heaven on earth.

Among cultivated Negroes there is apparent an unfortunate tendency to look at preachers askance. This is due largely to reaction against bad preachers, and to failure to understand and appreciate the temporal opportunities of the Church. I argue for the usefulness of good preachers and of the "institutional" church. Though no member of this graduating class should become a preacher or a preachers' wife, every member may wisely ally himself with the church and use his personal influence to enlarge and strengthen church work, to make it definite and human and nobly practical.

So much for the work in which personal influence is the determining factor. Medicine and business are types of the work in which what I have rudely called directing intelligence determines.

In the profession of medicine, I admit, personal influence and directing intelligence subtly interlace. The Negro doctor's social position makes him specially accessible to Negroes in cases of need. As a friend of the family or of the family's friends, the doctor is not dreaded as a feelingless stranger with a terrible knife. Moreover, the Negro doctor does not feel himself a man of alien blood come to tend an inferior. Social position and understanding sympathy, then, render the Negro doctor readily accessible and very useful. Moreover, the Negro's physical condition offers the doctor large opportunities for noble service. In a book upon "Ethnic Factors in the Population of Boston," Doctor Bushee says, "In Boston the mortality of the Negro is much larger than that of any other ethnic factor;" again, "A high death rate, instead of a low birth rate is causing the Negroes to disappear;" and the statistics are not much more encouraging in many other urban communities North and South. That relatively low economic position

is a powerful factor in producing this alarming death rate, I have already suggested; another capital factor is pitiable ignorance of the rudiments of personal hygiene and of sanitation. Negro doctors may without much trouble diffuse throughout a community these rudiments of knowledge and in so doing will prove themselves public servants. North and South the conspicuous financial success and substantial social service of hundreds of Negro doctors eloquently establish the correctness of this view; and of practicing physicians, the Negro people today have unmistakably too few.

What of the Negro business man? In Washington public employment and the professions have captured most of the energetic and alert Negroes, to the injury of business development. Springfield, Massachusetts; Richmond, Virginia; Dayton, Ohio,—not one of these important cities has a total population as large as the Negro population of the District of Columbia. As buyers of goods, eighty-seven thousand people are important; but as sellers of goods, the eighty-seven thousand Negroes in Washington are by no means important. For example, of the total profits on the dry goods bought in a year by the Negro population of Washington,—profits amounting to thousands of dollars, for the ratio of expenditure to income is exceptionally large,—what per cent. goes to Negro merchants? Shall I say five per cent., one per cent., or one thousandth of one per cent.? Mathematical precision is, of course, not possible, but you and I know that practically none of these profits go to Negro merchants. And you and I could name a dozen white merchants who have been enriched by those profits. And in consideration of this fact how many Negro clerks have the white merchants placed in their stores? how many Negro floor

walkers? how many Negro buyers? And, my friends, how many thousands of years must elapse before the Washington Negro will add to his culture enough co-operative endeavor and competitive power to change all this? I myself have never yet been convinced that the Anglo-Saxon and the Jew really need the black man's charity. Though I cannot point out, then, to the members of this graduating class openings in established business houses, I can point out that their success in business will provide opportunities for some later class, and will help to make the spending of Negroes enrich Negroes. Let me suggest two other ways in which the Negro business man may be of great service to the many. In the first place, the rents charged Negroes in cities, for example, Washington, are considerably higher for the same accommodations than the rents charged white people. By offering good houses at reasonable rents to the Negro working class, the Negro business man will find a paying investment and a means of much service. In the second place, hotels, restaurants, and theatres even in the capital of the nation are open to black men and women only on degrading terms, or not open at all. The closing of such accommodations is really the opening for black business men of the doors of opportunity.

In discussing ways of direct service I have then mentioned teaching and preaching as types of the work in which the decisive factor is personal influence. Medicine and business I have mentioned as types of the work in which the decisive factor is directing intelligence.

And now I wish to discuss two ways in which educated Negroes may be of indirect service,—first, by offering their fellows copies for imitation, and, second, by establishing the dignity of the race. In 1881, hardly a white man or

a black man in the country dreamed that in twenty-two years a Negro would have achieved the building of a beautiful city in a Southern wilderness, would have organized efficiently the business of that industrial community of some 1700 people, would have won the abiding confidence of white men and black men North and South, would have worked out a solution for the central problem in American education, would have been acknowledged master of arts by the oldest university in the land, would have written one of the impressive books of the century, would have been asked by the British Government for help in the reconstruction of South Africa, would have been called by the sanest of British critics of affairs the most notable figure in the American Republic! And yet, this miracle you and I see today with our own eyes. The example of this man is being imitated in a hundred educational and industrial communities in the Southern States. And all men feel more respect for the Negro race because out of its loins has come Booker T. Washington.

A constructive statesman like Washington, educators like Lewis Moore and Lucy Moten and your own Anna Cooper, theologians like Bowen and Grimke, scholars like Blyden and Scarborough and DuBois and Kelly Miller, inventors like Woods and McCoy, a novelist like Chestnutt, a poet like Dunbar, a musician like Coleridge-Taylor, a painter like Tanner — yes, and, of those who are gone, Banneker, who searched the heavens; Toussaint, soldier and statesman; Aldridge, the tragedian, with his first medal in arts and sciences from the King of Prussia; Pushkin, the poet of the Russias; Dumas, father and son; the saintly Crummel; and Douglass, the argument

for freedom,—I say, the indirect service of such people is incalculable.

Now, for you and me no such careers are probable and yet every educated Negro who is worth his salt, is in similar fashion a copy for imitation and serves to secure respect for his race. The Negro contractor and builder; the Negro who owns a well-managed truck farm; the Negro school teacher, who has saved money enough to buy municipal bonds or shares in a railway,—that person becomes in a money getting time a definite and concrete argument to white men and to black men that black men can be more than hewers of wood and drawers of water, than cooks and coachmen. Fundamentally, you and I by our thoughtfulness, our practical interest in the happiness of others, our elevation above petty prejudice, our simplicity, our decisive prudence, our enduring energy, our devotion, may indirectly count for good in a thousand ways in the life and work of our communities.

And, now, my friends, you enter the circle of educated men and women. Your personal influence will be felt in school room and in pulpit. Your directing intelligence will count in law, and medicine, and business; as able and devoted men and women, you by your examples will steady the nerves of a staggering people and make the word Negro more than a reproach. Delicate indecision, hesitant virtue, carping discontent, bric-a-brac culture—these ill become stalwart men and robust women. By all the honorable traditions of the noble family into which you are now adopted, you are pledged not to pick your way daintily in the soft places of the earth; you are pledged to make your lives real, useful, constructive. Remember—*noblesse oblige!*

THE CEDAR HILL SCHOOL;

OR, THE TRIBULATIONS OF A COUNTRY PEDAGOGUE.

"B. SQUARE."

CHAPTER I.

"I want to be a teacher, and with the teachers stand,
 A wise look on my forehead, a ferule in my hand;
 There right before my pupils, so brilliant and so bright,
 I'll banish all their ignorance and fill their heads with light."

Had I never composed the above parody my tale of woe would never have been written. I did compose it, however, and afterwards wrote the same upon all the walls in the house and barn, and in all the books in the house, excepting the Bible. My mother at this point gave her consent (to which was appended that of my father) that I could go North to my aunt's, a maiden lady of some sixty-odd summers, who resided in Boston, Mass., and prepare for the noble work of teaching young minds for the battle of life.

Let me say, by way of introduction, that my name is Charles Sumner Lee, that I am a colored American of a hue you would call "light brown skin," that my native home is the seaport town of K——, a city of much note in the north-eastern part of North Carolina, where my father, who was a member of the famous 54th Mass., settled after the war. Father did all in his power to blend the "blue and the grey" by marrying my mother, who was a native of North Carolina, and in due time, the chasm between the North and South (so far as they were concerned) was filled with six children, I being the sixth.

My three brothers, after spending a few years at school, in our native town, went to work with father at the carpenter's trade.

My ambition, however, aimed higher than that of a hewer of wood and drawer of the jack-plane. I wanted to be a teacher, to start as a primary instructor, and end as a college professor, with an appendix of "D.D." "LL.D.," "Ph.D.," "B.A.," "A.B.," or "M.A.," or perhaps all of these badges of learning. As the youngest child, as a rule, has its way, I had mine.

Seven years ago I graduated from the B—— Normal and High School in the State of Massachusetts, fourth in a class of twenty-one, of which I was the only student of color. I found myself, after four years' hard study, at last prepared to fill the noble position of teacher.

"You must promise me that you will teach at least three years, Charles," said Miss Sarah Carroll, a Quaker lady from whom I had received a little pecuniary aid during my college days, as I started for my North Carolina home.

"Three years, Miss Carroll!" I exclaimed with surprise at her request. "Why, I intend to devote my whole life to the noble work, and only regret that I cannot live a thousand years.

"Shall we, whose souls are lighted

With wisdom from on high,

Shall we to man be——?"

"A thousand years, Charles," rudely broke in Miss Carroll, with a knowing smile, "is a long time to teach school without wanting or needing a change of occupation." (Miss Carroll had taught a primary grade in Boston for twenty

years, and knew of what she was talking).

In the fall of '88 I found myself once more in my native town of K—, where I tried in vain to get a position as teacher. The colored school teachers of K— get good pay and seem to hold on to a good thing. Few were removed by death, and none throw up their appointment unless so removed. I wrote to several county superintendents, only to be informed that I was too late, all vacancies being filled. I was almost crazy. I felt it more and more my duty to teach. I had received light and knowledge, and felt duty bound to impart the same to my less fortunate fellow creatures. I had given up all hope of getting a school or an opportunity to teach in any of the city schools when one morning at the breakfast table my mother handed me the "K— Morning Star," saying, "There Charlie, I hope you will answer that, get the school, be successful, and go down in history as one of the world's greatest instructors of mankind," and she pointed to the following advertisement:

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"Where is Backwoods County, mother?" I asked in haste, as I started for my pen, paper and ink.

"Backwoods County is about forty miles south of here, and Cedar Hill is seven miles southeast of the Court House. I have been there many a time when I was a girl. I was born in the next county," replied my mother.

"Well, I am going to write at once, and I do hope I'll get the school."

I wrote, and to my extreme delight I received a favorable reply. I was to

meet his honor, Supt. Britt, at the Court House on Thursday, and be examined. It was Monday when I received the glad news, and I at once commenced to review my studies; for three days I carefully prepared myself for the examination. I went over my whole four years' course at school with the greatest care; read a volume on "Theory and Practice of Teaching," and even, I confess, made several "ponies" which I carefully put in my inside vest pocket. Wednesday night I went to the livery stable and ordered a horse and buggy; expecting to stay in Backwoods County if I passed examination, I requested them to send a driver along to bring back the horse and buggy. The turnout was to be at my door at six o'clock sharp next morning. I had no conception of the many sorrows and few joys that stood in the pathway of a district school teacher in the backwoods of the Southland, at the time I ordered that horse and buggy. I was, therefore, for hours after I had retired kept awake by my imagination picturing a school-house filled with all the modern improvements of school furniture,—maps, globes, mathematical and astronomical instruments, a school the counterpart of my alma mater was the last thing I saw before me as I closed my eyes in sleep.

The next morning the turnout was at the door on time, and I at once started for Backwoods County. It was a fine day of the last of September, and the roads were in fine condition. It had been years since I had been any distance in the country, and I enjoyed the ride. Grabbing time by the forelock, I had packed my trunk and left word with mother to send it just as soon as I wrote for the same. I put on my best black suit and low quarter shoes; in fact, I fixed up the best I knew how without looking like a dude, in order to make

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a snap-shot impression upon Supt. Britt.

We drove along at a moderate gait, and I viewed with admiration the fields of corn, cotton and tobacco, now and then taking notes in my scratch book of objects of special interest. About ten o'clock we drove up to the Court House. Here I met the vanguard of trouble. Supt. Britt, I was told, had waited until almost nine o'clock for me and had gone home, leaving word for me to come back the next morning. I resolved to make the best of the situation and inquired where I could get lodging for the night. I was directed to the house of an "ole man Tom Taylor," who lived about four miles from the Court House. The driver took me there, where I paid him, and after the horse had been fed, he started back to K—. I had now burned my bridges and could not return home. Uncle Tom Taylor I found to be a good natured rustic who, after his good wife, Aunt Jane Ann, had given me something to eat, asked "Spose you is the new teacher what's goin' ter taught school over at Cedar Hill? You missed Mr. Britt this morning, hey?"

"Yes, sir, and I am obliged to wait until to-morrow," I replied.

"Well, you is jess in time. Mr. Britt keeps the mill, 'bout six miles from here, an' my boy is jess goin' fur our meal. I'll let him put ther ole mare ter the wagon an' take yer over."

I thanked him kindly, and jumped in the wagon as soon as it was ready. One o'clock found me at the house of Supt. Britt, or now Miller Britt. I handed him the letter I had received, by way of introduction.

"Oh yes, yes, you are Charles Lee. Yes, yes, well, Charles, I waited for you until almost noon, and could wait no longer. Come in," and he led the way through the house to a small extension

which he used as an office. "Here, answer these question; write the answers down; use no notes or reference or receive any other help than your memory. When you have finished, certify at the end of your papers that you have received no direct or indirect help. You are out of the way of the noise of the mill and have, in fact, a better opportunity to study here than you would have had at the Court House." With these injunctions and remarks, Supt. Britt left me alone in my glory.

Imagine my dismay when I opened the question papers and found over one hundred questions of the civil service order, not one of which was like the nine hundred and ninety-nine I had studied. He had asked questions under the very rules I knew he would not. I had resolved, however, to teach the Cedar Hill school, or die in the attempt, so I went for the questions with a will. In three hours I had answered them all, and given my papers to Supt. Britt.

"When will I know whether I have passed or not, Mr. Britt?" I asked anxiously, as he carelessly pushed the papers in his pocket without looking at them, and started out in the back yard towards the mill.

"Well, I'll try and find time to look over your papers some time next week perhaps, Tuesday or Wednesday."

"Not before then? Why, I wanted to go and see about the school, send for my things, if I have passed examination, and open school Monday, as you said in your letter."

"Well, yes, yes, that's so. Maybe then I'll find time to-morrow. Any way, you might run over and see Dozier about the school. 'Twill be all right. I guess you've passed. Mr. Dozier is one of the trustees of the Cedar Hill district school board, and has the giving out of the school. Just tell

him I say that he had better let you have the school at once." With these remarks Supt. Britt walked back to the mill.

CHAPTER II.

I walked back to Uncle Tom Taylor's where I stayed all night, and the next morning the good old soul took me "over the river" to Cedar Hill to an Uncle Joe Jarvis.

"Here is yer new teacher, Brother Joe. Take good keer of him," and Uncle Tom prepared to return home. I gave the old man a few dollars, shook his hand, and bade him good-bye.

"Brother Joe," as he called "mine host," was not very friendly. He was a more matter-of-fact business man. His actions later on made me conclude that, in the language of the street, some dishonest teacher at some past date had "pulled his leg." "How much er month kin yer pay for board, and how many months' board kin yer pay down now?" he asked, after he had looked me over several times from head to foot, with an eye of doubt and distrust.

I did not like his questions, and answered a little shortly: "I have not taken the school yet. If I do, and board here, I will pay as much as any previous teacher, likewise as much in advance. Can you let me have a horse and wagon, Mr. Jarvis, to go see the school trustees?"

"I'm sorry, but both of my horses is done gone ter town to K—, with corn, an' I don't know no horse about here jess now, this time of year, that you kin git fur love or money. But Mr. Dozier lives right here in ther neighborhood—only four miles from here—you might walk. I'll show you how to go."

I concluded it was best to see Mr.

Dozier at once, as he seemed to be the only person who had the "giving out" of the school. I received directions how to go, and started and walked the longest seven miles in the world, by any known standard measure. I was informed by his good lady that "Mr. Dozier are not to home. He have went to town, and won't be to home till candle light."

One-fourth discouraged, one-half angry, and in the whole as hungry as ten bears, I walked back to my prospective boarding house and spent the rest of the day in sober reflection, retired early, and arose refreshed. After breakfast I started again for Mr. Dozier's. "Walking was good," as the road was very dry, and a few clouds hid the sun so it was not too warm. Birds sang sweetly, rabbits ran playfully across the road, squirrels in playful glee jumped from tree to tree, and all nature looked gay. Many objects of interest to a city lad met my eye, making it a pleasant journey, so that before I knew it I was standing before Mr. Dozier's gate. Two dogs as large as a half-grown calf, which I did not have the pleasure of meeting the day before, like the historic warriors of old, held the pass, until a colored servant came down the lane and drove them away and informed me they were as harmless as lambs. Trustee Dozier met me at the door with "Oh, yes, you are the young man to take charge of the Cedar Hill school; Lee is your name, I believe? The superintendent was over here last night, and left your certificate," and he handed me a roll as large as a sheet of foolscap. I opened it and learned that one

"Charles S. Lee, having passed a satisfactory examination before me, in (here several branches were enumerated) he is hereby permitted to teach

in the Public Schools of Backwoods County, N. C., for the present school year.

"Given under my hand and seal, and the seals of the County of Backwoods and State of North Carolina this the 27th day of September, 1888.

"John K. Britt,
"County Supt. of Schools."

"When are you going to open school, Charles?" asked Trustee Dozier. As I had not received any formal or positive proofs that I was to have the school, I was at first at a loss what to say. I soon reasoned that from the way the question was put the school was mine, so I answered in a firm voice, "I shall open Monday morning at nine o'clock, sir."

"Yes? Well, then, I will give you the key of the schoolhouse and the roll book. I left the articles of agreement over at Dr. Brown's, for him to sign, as he is chairman of the board. Any time you are over that way run in and sign them, and keep a copy—no hurry. He lives the next house from me on the other road, about a mile and a half from here." We were on the piazza, he sitting, and I standing leaning against a post, anxious to return to my boarding house a full-fledged school teacher. Stepping into the hall, Trustee Dozier called out, "Susie, look upstairs in my desk and bring me the key and roll book of the Cedar Hill school." Susie soon appeared with a ledger-shaped book tied up in a very dirty piece of old waterproof cloth, and a large brass key with a piece of very black twine attached, the twine in turn being pushed through a half corncob. I put the key and corncob in my pocket, placed the book under my arm, and started to go. but Trustee Dozier seemed inclined to talk.

"I suppose you have been to school a heap, Charles?" he asked.

"Well, yes, Mr. Dozier, I have enjoyed some rare opportunities to learn. I can't say that I have always improved them."

"Are you a graduate?"

"Yes, sir."

"From that big colored folks' college of ours in Raleigh? I forget its name."

"No, sir."

"From Fisk's University in Tennessee, or Howard's in Washington? We had teachers from both of them schools?"

"No, sir."

"Oh, then you come from the Hampton college in Virginia?"

"No, sir."

As Trustee Dozier's list of colored American high schools had given out, he looked at me in surprise as if to ask, Well, from where did you come? After waiting several minutes for me to speak, he did ask:

"Where did you say you graduated from?"

"The B—— Normal and High School of Massachusetts."

"The B—— Normal and High School of Massachusetts?" he repeated with much surprise. "Why, you are not a Yankee, are you?"

"I think not a full-blooded one, as I was born in this State in K—— and my mother before me in the next county to this one."

"Well then how in the world did you come to go away out yonder up North to school, when we have the best schools in the world for both white and black, right here in our own State?"

"Well, Mr. Dozier, my aunt who lives in Boston, sent for me and helped to pay my way at school."

"Oh, I see now, Charles. I understand. How long has your aunt been up North in Boston, Charles?"

"All her life, Mr. Dozier."

"Why, how's that? I don't understand. You said you were born here in North Carolina, and your mother too?" said Trustee Dozier, with a puzzled expression upon his brow.

"Well, you see Mr. Dozier, Aunt Emma is my father's sister. My father and all his people for three or four generations were born in or near Boston. He was a member of the 54th Mass. colored troops, came South after the close of the war, settled in K—— and met and married my mother."

"What in the world made her marry him? I don't see how any woman, white or black, who was born in the South could marry a Northern man," remarked Trustee Dozier half to himself.

"I don't know what made her marry him, but the happy way they have always lived together since I can remember makes me think, Mr. Dozier, that what made her marry him was love," I replied, with some warmth and feeling.

"Well, it's of no matter in this case. You are a native of North Carolina, and so is your mother. The reason why I say this is that I don't like to give a school to a—a foreigner from another State, not even from Virginia, that's all."

I was getting just a little bit tired of the trustee's company, and turned to go, when he fired another question at me. "Can you work the double Rule of Three and al-ge-bray?" Having just passed a civil service examination, he began to make me have that tired feeling. I informed him, however, that I had worked all of "them air things."

"Well, you don't say!"

I started again to go, and he walked with me to the road gate, "Now Charles, you have a nice school house, yes, the best school house, white or black, in the county. Why, we just put in a new stove two years ago. There may be one or two window lights out, but that's all. Still, let me know if it needs any other little repairs. Good morning."

I returned the parting, and started towards my boarding house with a heart full of joy. When half a mile down the road, I exclaimed aloud: "Charles Sumner Lee of K——, North Carolina! You are a school teacher at last."

I had the good fortune to be taken up by a passing cart, which carried me to old gentleman Jarvis' door, where I arrived just in time for dinner. After dinner, I engaged board for the season, paid three months in advance, and moved into my room.

CHAPTER III.

My experience after dinner convinced me of the fact that it is the proper thing to let well enough alone. Not satisfied with the morning's work I wanted to go over to Dr. Brown's after the articles of agreement, as I wanted to have every thing fixed by Monday. Dr. Brown lived about three and a half miles from my boarding house—as I shall hereafter call Uncle Joe's little home—I concluded to walk to the Doctor's. When I told old man Jarvis what I intended to do, he walked out in the yard and looked up at the sky and said that it would rain before night. There was not a cloud in the sky or any thing that I could see (and I prided myself on foretelling the weather) to convince me that it would rain for a week.

"There are no present indications of

rain for a week. It will not rain this week," I said in a positive tone.

"All right, my son, you will see if it don't rain 'fore night," said Uncle Joe.

I smiled a knowing smile and started off. I got to the doctor's house all right, got my agreement and started home. As I walked slowly homeward, wrapped in thought, I did not notice that the sky was getting black. When about one mile from my boarding house, on a straight road with fields on both sides of the road and nothing to act as a shelter, it began to rain, coming in bucket-size drops. I then recalled the fact that in my hurry I had left my umbrella at K—, forty-odd miles away. I also remembered that I had on my best black suit, for which I paid \$40 in Boston. It at the same time flashed across my mind that I had on my new, or almost new, \$4 low-cut shoes and half-dollar silk socks.

"Cedar Hill" was the misnomered lowland swamp of about seven square miles, only perfectly dry during the hot summer. Why it was ever called a "hill," unless the person who named it was a born liar, I have never been able to tell.

In a few minutes the road was transformed from dust to muddy clay, into which I sank at each step over my shoe tops. I was soon wet through to my skin. In trying to run, the muddy clay pulled off one of my shoes, which had become untied. I tried to pull it out of the mud, when I slipped down broadside, and my \$40 Boston suit of black was transformed into a dirty red hue. Gentle reader, I never used profane language but once in my life—can you guess when that was? What would you have said when you suddenly found yourself one mile or more from any house or barn, knee deep in the mud, one shoe gone, and wet through to the skin, with the rain coming down in

drops the size of goose eggs? My name is Charles, not Job. As I looked at my \$40 doe skin suit, and looked in vain for my shoe, I made a wish. I wished that Backwoods County Supt. Britt, Trustees Dozier, Dr. Brown and the "Cedar Hill School" were—well, I forget now where, but I know it was not at the North Pole. I became a murderer at heart. I wished for some one to come along and laugh at me so I could kill them. I am afraid of snakes, but was angry enough to tackle a hydra. Talk about a March hare being mad, why ten thousand of them could not hold a candle for me that day. To be brief, however, I at last reached my boarding house wet, suit ruined, and like "My son John" of Mother Goose fame, with one shoe off and the other shoe on. There was no place where I could buy dry clothing, as the storekeeper's wife at the cross-road store said that he had gone to town to get some clothes and things, having sold out a few days before to the saw mill hands. I had to do the next best thing: dry mine by a large wood fire. I caught cold, and the next day (Sunday) like a poker player with a good hand, I "stayed in." Monday morning at nine o'clock, the time I told Trustee Dozier I would positively open school, I was in bed, hanging upon the edge of pneumonia. Several hot drinks a day of some kind of herb tea unknown to me, given by "Aunt Sallie," the old man's wife, forced the cold and stiffness from my body by Wednesday night. As the week was almost gone I could not open school before Monday. I commenced to think it was time to send for my trunk or some underwear at least, so I wrote to my mother to send my things. I gave the letter to old man Jarvis' son Sam to take to the postoffice six miles away, and expected my trunk the next night

by "special express." Saturday night came, and no trunk. I would have started after it Sunday, but I was now non-financial, and could not hire a horse. I expected every hour to receive an imperative mandate from the Backwoods Co. Board of Health, so I took a walk down towards the cross-road store to try and purchase (on my name as the teacher of the Cedar Hill School) some underwear, when I saw in the ditch beside the road an envelope upon which was my penmanship. I would know my writing if I saw it in Manila, as I am a very fine "A No. 1" penman. (Pardon self-praise, but truth is truth.) I fished it out, when lo and behold! it was the letter I had given Sam Jarvis to mail to my mother in K—. I rushed back to my boarding house white (?) with rage.

"Sam!" I yelled, "did you mail that letter I gave you in the middle of the week?"

"Yes, sir, I gave it to Mr. Drummonds, the postmaster, myself in his hand," was the falsehood he uttered.

"Sam," said I, in a rage, "when it comes to lying you knock spots out of Ananias and Sapphira, and could give points to a political candidate. Here is that letter! I found it in the ditch between here and the store. Why do you tell such a lie? Are you preparing to run for an office next fall? Now this is an important letter to my mother in K—, requesting my clothes."

Sam was a member of the Zion A. M. E. Church, in good standing, so he confessed that he had lost the letter, and told me if I'd keep the matter quiet that he was qualified to run for office, he would get a horse and go after my trunk Monday morning sure. I jumped at this offer.

The next day, Sunday, old man Jarvis had it "given out" in church that the school would open in the morning at nine o'clock. He also informed the

good people of Cedar Hill that I was the best and smartest teacher they had ever had. The reason, he said (which was not very logical) that he knew I was the smartest teacher, was that I had paid him three months' board in advance without jewing him down.

The next morning, after walking about one mile, I found myself with ten boys and seven girls, standing before the school house door, wondering when we cut the bushes and weeds down, how we would manage to get over the two or three feet of water and get in the school house. I sent two of the largest boys to borrow axes and spades. By ten o'clock we had mastered the weeds and bushes; by eleven cut a ditch and let the water off, and stood before the school house door. I took out of my pocket the key and corncob attachment, and pushed the key towards the key hole. To my dismay it was too large and would not go in. What to do I did not know; at last I started two boys with a note to Trustee Dozier, requesting the right key, then I sat down upon a log to reflect.

After the boys had been gone about two hours and a half, something told me to try the school house door, when lo and behold! it opened, having been unlocked all the summer. I walked in, followed by my little flock. Oh! what a looking place. Trustee Dozier was "away off" relative to the number of "window lights" out, as there were only one or two in! The "new stove" that had been put in "only" two years before, showed unmistakable evidence that Trustee Dozier's idea of a new stove was very defective. By the time we got the school house half cleaned out it was time to go home. The boys came back, just as we were leaving, with another wrong key. There being nothing in the school house to steal (the dirt being all swept out) I concluded it could take care of itself as well one night of

school session as it had done all the summer vacation, and started back to my boarding house.

It began to dawn upon my mind that a teacher's life in the back woods of North Carolina, at least, if not in all parts of the country, was not all sunshine and roses. The pathway to honor and fame via the school teacher's desk appeared to be full of thorns. I concluded to reduce the time I was to teach from one thousand years—my time—to three years, Miss Carroll's request.

My trunk arrived that night, through the goodness of Sam, also a letter from my mother, a part of the contents of which were several long strips of paper with green backs, said strips being timely and much needed.

For a few weeks all went well. My school filled up. I had fifty-three pupils on the roll; they were not what you could truthfully call bright, but willing. My folks in K—— sent me the local papers, and my Aunt Emma those of New York and Boston, with a letter now and then with "postage stamp money," and the sad past was soon forgotten.

CHAPTER IV.

The people of Backwoods County, black and white, with a very few exceptions, were poor and illiterate. This gave me more room to work. As I had been a student of moral suasion ideas, I concluded to give it a trial. It worked well. I did not punish my pupils with whip or rod, but pointed out the wrong and the right, and thereby got their morals up to a higher degree. The ferule and lash became things of the past in the Cedar Hill School. Trustee Dozier and I became firm friends, and I spent many afternoons in his carpenter shop at the cross-roads, and he in turn spent many mornings at the schoolhouse, watching with wonder my many new-fashioned

ways of teaching. They were old methods, but were new to Cedar Hill.

"Don't you use them whips, Charles?" he asked one day. "They seem to be in the same place every time I visit the school."

"No, Mr. Dozier, I never use them," I replied, with a glow of pride. "I simply keep them hanging upon the wall there as relics of the past. When a pupil misbehaves, I call him up and talk to him until he feels ashamed of his act, and promises not to commit it any more. In that way, Mr. Dozier, I make impressions upon their young minds instead of upon their tender backs. I don't believe in beating goodness into children."

"Charles, you are the smartest teacher, white or black, that we have had in Backwoods County. I will give you all the aid I can. I tell you what, North Carolina produces the smartest men and women, white or black, in the world."

This conversation took place after the school had been in working order about two months. A few hours after Trustee Dozier left the school, I was obliged to suspend my new mode of punishment. When I introduced myself to the reader, I forgot to state a remarkable fact. My hair is almost red. It is, in fact, redder than any hair I have ever seen upon the head of a colored person of my complexion. It is not red, but a very close neighbor to that hue. It always made me, from boyhood, angry to speak of what I deemed almost a misfortune.

One of my best and brightest pupils was a Lemuel Capps, a youth about my own age and size, whose father was a blacksmith. Lemuel was a half companion, and I spent part of the long winter nights at his house. He was janitor, monitor, and my unpaid assistant teacher, carried one of the school keys (after we got the right ones) and in fact was as near the throne as a pupil ever gets.

He was one of the best boys in Cedar Hill, always quiet and manly before, during, and after school, at home or abroad.

About an hour after Trustee Dozier left, Lemuel came up to my desk and in his usual polite manner, asked me to kindly show him how to work out an example. I took the slate and commenced, with Lemuel, as I supposed, looking over my shoulder at the work. I was about half finished when the whole school broke out into a roar of laughter. Looking up suddenly, I discovered the cause. Lemuel was playing blacksmith; the back of the chair was his anvil; his right fist the hammer; his left forefinger the piece of iron upon which he was trying his skill, and the fire, gentle reader, was—my hair. Great Grover Cleveland! I threw down the slate, snatched a large-size "relic of the past" from the wall and grabbed Lemuel by the collar. I tried by fifteen minutes' hard work to impress it upon his mind, by the way of his hide, that it was very, very wrong to make fun of the color of a school teacher's hair.

Lemuel lived about one-eighth of a mile from the school house. The next morning, as I neared his house, I noticed that several young men who carted wood past the school house were, to all appearance, fixing their harness opposite the lane leading to Lemuel's house. This struck me as being a little strange, as they had passed my boarding house long enough before to have been miles beyond the school house. I could see them laughing and looking at me as I drew near. Another strange thing I noticed was that groups of children living beyond the school house who were, as a rule, always late, were also standing near the Capps' lane. I concluded then that something unusual was up, and hurried my steps. When I got within a few feet of the crowd I saw old man

Capps walking to and fro in the road before his lane with his hands behind him. I started to pass, when he called out: "Mr. Lee, I would like to speak to you a minute if you have time." It then dawned upon my mind that Mr. Capps was going to give me a dose of my own medicine, and not thinking I was sick enough to need it I tardily and reluctantly walked up to him.

"Mr. Lee, I know that you must punish children sometimes. I knowed that new rule of your'n wouldn't work here in Cedar Hill. I don't know as Lem is no better nor no worse than other big boys, but what I wants to say is, don't hit him in his face, 'cause he's ugly enough now."

"Mr. Capps, Lem made fun of the color of my hair. I was surprised at his so doing, but recovering from my surprise, I punished him. If I struck him in his face, I am sorry. It was an accident I deeply deplore. I like Lem and have always looked upon him as a companion. Good morning, Mr. Capps," and with a light heart that it was over, I started towards the school house when I heard a yell:

"Hey there, you Lee! hey there, I say!"

Looking up the lane I saw Mrs. Capps, Lem's mother, coming at the rate of a mile a minute, with a hop, skip and running jump. Both arms were extended in the air, and blood and fire in her eyes. It was the work of a minute for her to reach the road, where she walked up and down several times with her arms still in the air, yelling, seemingly to herself, "Well, Lord! Well, kind Master, give me strength to bear up!"

"Do you wish to see me, Mrs. Capps? It is five minutes of nine, and I must go," I said, after she had danced up and down the road several times.

"Looker here, Lee, what the devil's the matter with you and Lem?" she

asked, as she kept looking for a stick or part of a broken fence rail. The mere fact that she addressed me as "Lee" was proof that the old lady's blood was up, as she always spoke to or of me as "Teacher," or "Mr. Lee." Many a fine chicken she had prepared for Lem and the "Teacher."

"What's the matter with you, Lee?" she again asked.

"Mrs. Capps, I have not lost all confidence in Lem, and will venture to say that he is too much of a man to have told you a falsehood. Therefore I will say his report of the matter is true, before I know what he has told you."

"I knowed Lem got too thick with you, cos' you can't trust an 'old isshe nigger' no how. Free niggers was no good 'fore the war, an' they is no good now; some of these half-North 'old isshe niggers' has been out yonder an' rubbed their heads gin er college wall, and it turn'd them start natal fools, an' they think they kin 'buke an' mommuck up people wusser than the white folks done 'fore the war, but they can't beat an' mommuck up my flesh an' blood 'til they walk over my dead body. 'Old isshe free niggers' was never no good no how, an' never will be. I didn't know a child of mine was such a fool as to stand stone still and be 'buked an' mommucked by a fox hed, low down, nothing. I——"

"Mrs. Capps," I broke in, "if you

mean that Lem should have taken the law in his own hands and resisted punishment, let me tell you, my good woman, he would have rued the day. It would have been the saddest day in his life." I tried to put a good deal of force and stress in this speech, the truthfulness of which I have always doubted, as Lem was larger and stronger than I at the time.

"You low down, red hed nothing, I'll kill you. It will be no sin, no how," remarked Mrs. Capps, as she rushed inside of the gate and picked up an ax which one of her grown daughters had placed there for her. She made a rush out in the road towards me, and I was making up my mind which was the better thing to do, run or stand and die like a heroic teacher, when Mr. Capps pulled his better half in out of the road, and told her to go in the house. "Me and Mr. Lee has settled this trouble before you come out of the house, so you are just making a fool of yourself, old woman."

I stood my ground until the old man had pulled his wife into the house, then walked to school like a semi-hero. Lem's mother would not let him come to school any more, so he went to work in his father's blacksmith shop. I was sorry about the whole matter, as I liked Lem for a chum, missed him as an assistant teacher, and missed his mother's chicken pot pies.

(To be continued.)

CALL THE BLACK MAN TO CONFERENCE.

A. KIRKLAND SOGA.

Late of the Civil Service, Native Department, South Africa.

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What might be termed without discourtesy the Booker Washington craze which has made the Master of Tuskegee the central figure of an agitation on

the ever-recurring Negro question, and the black man's education, appears to be abating in virulence. It would be difficult for a stranger remotely situated

from the centre of disturbance to account for the excitement and bitterness manifested in the discussion of the respective merits of Industrial versus Higher Education, and the claims of one to precedence over the other, in the minds of the public.

These subjects in themselves would fail to generate the heat that has accompanied their discussion, but back of them was the hope dear to the heart of the Negro people, who are confronted by the menacing spectre of Misrule, that perhaps somewhere, and somehow, the genius of Booker Washington would find a way out from the vexed racial perplexity and allay their forebodings with regard to the future of the race.

There was the promise at least that something would result as a consequence of his educational propaganda, and that it would afford a panacea, or a side-door of escape, from the crushing brutality of mob-law which singles out the Negro as its chief sacrifice. But there were others again not so enthusiastic, cautious men, cultured and deliberate thinkers, who thought that too much was claimed for Industrialism, and that much harm might be caused to the Higher Educational Institutions of the country devoted to the education of the black man, if these two factors which are co-relative were divorced in the mind of the public. There was sound reason and sanity in the attitude of Professors Burghart Du Bois and Scarborough of Atlanta and Wilberforce universities in stating this fear, but the crowd are more easily moved by impulse than reason, and on the ears of the emotional Negro in the mass, the words of these and other thinkers and race leaders fell comparatively flat for the time being. The people were predisposed to give Booker Washington a free hand, and they were supported in this course by the feeling

of their white friends, among whom there were great men who preferred and encouraged industrial training for the blacks. The spirit of industrialism, founded, it is to be feared, on the unstable basis of commerce and Mammon worship, was sweeping like a contagious wave over the civilized world, and Booker Washington came in on the crest of the wave. There were others who had prepared the ground, and sown the seeds of industrialism among the Negroes. Good men among the whites, liberal philanthropists, and lovers of humanity, who had erected institutions after the manner of Lovedale, and one of the products of their unselfish labors in the cause of the elevation of the black man was Booker Washington. Their work had borne fruit in Booker Washington, and it blossomed and fructified more abundantly into the visible shape of that great institution of Tuskegee, a little town in itself, every brick of which was laid by black hands. Now is its worthy Master the honored guest of Presidents, the friend of great patrons, the admired of the best among the white and black inhabitants of the land of the Stars and Stripes and he affords a striking illustration of the truth of the proverb:—

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."

Mr. Washington has no claim to a monopoly of greatness among the many bright stars in the Afro-American firmament, who are renowned in their own spheres; but in the realm of industrial education he is peerless, and in the inculcation of duty and the dignity of labor, and the practiced application of brains to manual work, he has no equals. Up from slavery, that very fact has lent additional charm to the story of his struggles and enhanced his ultimate tri-

umph. His views on the education of his countrymen are briefly summed up in the following declaration, made before a great gathering in Brooklyn:

"Our pathways must be up through the soil, up through swamps, up through forest, up through stream and rocks, up through commerce, education, and religion, up from these fundamental things to higher things."

"The results of every day observation, should convince us that we shall make our most enduring progress by laying the foundations carefully, patiently, in the ownership of the soil, the exercise of the habits of economy, the saving of money, the securing of the most complete education of hand and head, and the cultivation of Christian virtues. There is nothing new or startling in this. It is the old, old road, that all races that have to go upon their feet and remain there have had to travel. Standing as I do today, before this audience, when the very soul of my race is aching, is seeking for guidance as perhaps never before, I say deliberately that I know no other road. If I knew how to find more speedy and prompt relief I should be a coward and hypocrite if I did not point to it at any cost. (Applause.)

But to his other qualities he is undoubtedly a gifted and practical diplomat and a fluent and convincing orator, wielding a good voice with skill and consummate genius upon the platform, and added to which is a charming personality, whose fascinating persuasiveness and tact has done royal service in assuaging the bitterness of racial feeling. He has been enabled not once, to stem the tide of rising strife, and give time for reason and sober thought to assert themselves where often in those districts which he has honored with his presence, serious consequences might have ensued, brought about not infrequently by the brutal instincts of the vicious element

among the whites and blacks let loose, or the unrestrained and injudicious babblings of irresponsible do-nothings among his own countrymen. This faculty has not been generally recognized perhaps among his own, but it has been remarked by an English writer, Randolph Murray, in the "Daily Express" in this manner:

"At the present time one of the most remarkable men in American politics is Booker T. Washington, already referred to. This man is a genuine political force, especially among his own people.

"Primarily the leader politically of the new commercial South, his ability has been demonstrated in the marvellous facility with which he has so manipulated the factors of a strained situation as to bring about the greatest consensus of opinion since the Missouri compromise. And he has done this by applying American political and business methods to an attempted solution of the Negro problem.

"When the President invited him to the White House he did no more than recognize the position Washington has built up for himself. And the leader of nine millions—one-eighth of the whole American population—is a man to be reckoned with."

Accepting Mr. Randolph Murray's generous sidelights on Mr. Washington's career, as being strictly true, we are thus enabled to observe another of the grand features of his work in his attempts to conciliate black and white, to appease angry passions, and to lead men's thoughts away from the turmoil and strife fostered by continual political agitation, and the unhealthy atmosphere of race prejudices, into the more peaceful channels of industry and the diligent discharge of the duties of good citizenship which lie before them. Is that not a grand mission? What hidden possibilities for good are thus dis-

closed, in a situation already overstrained, and which has contributed too often to the sufferings of a race already sorely tried by the savage excesses of brutal mobs.

We are lost in the admiration of the beauties and blessings which underlie the efforts of good men, to ameliorate the sad lot of their fellow-men, and at the intense earnestness of an honest individual, striving with patriotic zeal and singular devotion, by honest means, to find a way out of a dilemma which is apparently as insoluble and hopeless as that which faced the children of Israel at the Red Sea.

"For the transgression of a land many are the princes thereof; but by a man of understanding and knowledge the state thereof shall be prolonged."

This conception alone makes it more difficult to understand the conduct of some members of his own race, college-bred it is said, who found it necessary in their wisdom to pursue the course which culminated in the Boston episode of July 30, 1903. A mass meeting of the National Negro Business Men's League, of which Booker Washington is the honored President, had met to conduct their work in the city of Boston. Mr. Washington had no sooner risen to address the audience when in conformity with a pre-arranged plan he was interrupted by the remark:—

"We don't want to hear you, Booker Washington. We don't like you. Your views and aims are not those with which we sympathize or think best for our race."

The malcontents had also doctored the meeting room with cayenne pepper, and showed a disposition to obstruct proceedings by riotous behavior which necessitated the summoning of police, who took them in charge, not without difficulty, by reason of their violence. The sympathetic assistance of two Amazons,

who helped the disturbers, might have been admirable if it had been more profitably expended, not against, but for the race, and in a worthier cause. The meeting was decidedly out of sympathy with the malcontents, and it speaks well for the restraint of the audience that the transgressors were not subjected to the rough handling which their conduct undeniably prompted. Had the meeting been a political one, some latitude might be made for ebullitions of partisan feeling, short of the display of the more brutal instincts, but the meeting was a business one, seeking nothing but the good of everybody, and not the selfish personal aggrandisement of the few, so common in political matters. Thrift and correct business methods and habits of industry and enterprise are surely common ground on which all could meet in friendly consultation, and bury the hatchet in assisting to forward an organization, which numbers among its members some of the best and brightest men and women in the Afro-American world of action, and the elite of intellect and culture in its diversified pursuits. The advantages of the National Business League in ministering to the material and economic welfare of the people are incalculable, and thanks to the foresight and enterprise of its organizers, its opportunities for social intercourse of a healthy, elevating and stimulating character, are in equal ratio no doubt to its general usefulness. With characteristic magnanimity Booker Washington is said to have dismissed the incident with the generous remark that "the colored people of Boston could not be held responsible for a few riotous individuals." It must be a disheartening situation for a man who sees misrule confronting the race on the part of a section of the whites, and discontented partisans on the side of the blacks, adding to the difficulties of the position. It is certain-

ly not cheering or encouraging, but weakening thus to seek to detract from the prestige and dignity of the race leaders, and to discredit their work in the eyes of the civilized world. Nor is it an inspiring example to see members of a subject race attempting thus to undo the value of their labors, or to discount their work on behalf of the race. It is possible, and to be hoped probable, that upon sober reflection the offending parties may be brought to see that such conduct is a serious blow to race prestige, and were it to be encouraged the Negroes might well write Ichabod over the portals of the race's highest ideals.

Unity for common objects, and the common safety, is the only hope of the black man's salvation, otherwise were it not so it would be waste of time to pen this article. A unity which is all-comprehensive, and not exclusive, is what we seek. A unity which promotes the welfare of all without regard to color, class, or creed, and the injury of none, is the aim of the true democracy whose figure is real and discernible to the vision of the Faithful. No room for idle bickering here, nor for vain babbling, nor for exhausting the vital energies in insane jealousies and envyings. For that unity we strive together, each and all, no matter what the obstacles, looking for the fulfillment of the glorious prophecy when:—

"Violence shall no more be heard in thy land; wasting nor destruction within thy borders; but thou shalt call thy walls Salvation and thy gates Praise."

"A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation; I the Lord will hasten it in his time."

The black man cannot afford to see the leaders of the race subjected to insult, or degraded by members of the race without the most solemn protest, and such malcontents when unrepentant must be arraigned at the bar of pub-

lic opinion and justly censured, or condemned by the united voice of their outraged countrymen. That we are not alone in this opinion will be seen from the remarks of our Capetown contemporary, the "South African Spectator." Mr. Peregrino as an experienced journalist both in England and America is therefore able to speak with authority. That paper says in its issue of Sept. 26, 1903:

"The vagaries of the mythical Killenny cats, which had such a disastrous ending, find very close imitation in the American Negro of today, who, with all the advantages accruing from three centuries of enforced juxtaposition with the white man's civilization, and despite the imitative propensities of the former, has failed to acquire the one transcendent and invaluable virtue of the white man, viz.: "Race Pride." That he, the American Negro, possesses sufficient discernment to appreciate this quality as a contributing force to the attained superiority of the Caucasian, is evident, by the frequent employment of the compound word by the speakers and writers of the former race. But that the recognition of the word is confined to theory, and that it invades not the threshold of practice, there is abundant testimony also to prove.

Take for instance, the present leadership of the Negro race in America. Booker T. Washington is a Negro, of marked ability, and of extraordinary energy, and who, like many other successful men, is a man of one idea, the education of his people along industrial lines. He has devoted many years to his pet theory, and achieved much good, although, until a few years ago, and beyond the confines of the State of Alabama (his home) he was scarcely known.

"At the exposition in Atlanta, Ga., a few years ago, he was present, and made a speech teeming with what was regarded by the average Southern white

man, the soundest sense, and the best advice to the Negro. In this speech he, the Negro, was bade eschew politics, and to go in for industrial pursuits, etc. Now, as the main cause of the race-conflict in that country was attributed to the Negro's aspirations to political equality, and at a time when the Negro's plea for the ballot was answered with the bullet, and when the respectable, and the thoughtful element in the South had looked in vain for the solution of the problem, and for some means of removing the stigma which attached to them by reason of the periodic outbreaks, and of the murders and hangings, and the burnings, Mr. Washington was hailed by the white people of the South as the coming Messiah of the Negro race, the long-sought-for Moses. This speech was flashed on the wings of the wind throughout the country. Pans were sung in his praises. A very black "Daniel" had come to judgment. Of course, the bulk of the Negroes did, with commendable promptitude and true to the imitative instinct, accept the new leader. A few there were who ventured to expostulate. The green-eyed monster was much in evidence, but—The white man had said it, an "So mote it be." I have said that a few expostulated. They could select their own leaders. This spirit was encountered more among the Northern Negro, who always assumes a fancied but a very illusive and imaginary superiority over his Southern cousin.

They were, however, speedily silenced. The liberal and generous donations of the wealthy philanthropists of the North, to the famous Tuskegee School, founded by Mr. Washington, formed the best answer to the croakings of the s"ore-heads," and they were silenced. But were they all silenced?

Recently an exhibiton has been presented in that country, which furnishes a more eloquent answer to the last para-

graph than would a mile of copy. And that reply is in the negative. If there is one State in America which can truly boast of liberal principles, and of having nursed and reared men of giant intellects and noble purposes, that State is Massachusetts. And if one city more than another has ever set up as being the beacon light of civilization, the seat of the highest learning, of true piety, and of cultured citizenship, that city is Boston. And the American Negro who is fortunate enough to claim citizenship of that city, is unhampered by that policy of cruel discrimination, which has ever dogged the steps of his less favored brother elsewhere and which has denied him the opportunities for intellectual culture, and education. The doors of the schools in Boston are opened alike to the black and the white boy and girl, and the ambitious Negro may be, and many are, counted among the best product of the "Tree of Knowledge" of the Bean City. It is therefore with a degree of surprise, and a feeling of disgust that one reads that the most contemptible, mean, and savage opposition to the famous Negro educator emanates from Boston, and that the principal actors were Negroes who have enjoyed the privilege of higher education.

I hold no brief for Professor Washington. I believe that America possesses Negroes who are at least his equals in point of natural ability and attainment. The veteran journalist, T. J. Fortune, who was present at the meeting is one of these. But,

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to
fortune."

And the Negro educator has taken advantage of his opportunities, and today he has the recognition of the best people of both races in that country. . . .

(To be continued.)

"GLEN" BARNEY.

A MAUD MULLER ROMANCE WITHOUT "IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

AUGUSTUS M. HODGES.

'Twas on a bright midsummer morn,
The sun sent down its hottest ray,
And parched the blades of growing
corn,

And turned the verdant grass to hay,
That old Aunt Susan, hat in hand,
Rushed into "Squire Tatem's" store;
(Twas in Virginia, understand,
In those bright days soon aft' the war,
When every vote was counted right,
When Truth and Justice had the sway,
And magistrates were black, not white—
Before the "New South" had its way).

"Oh! Br'er Tatem, giv' me quick
Er warrant fur Glen Barney's 'ress,
Glen beat my gal wid dis yere stick,
An' throwed her down an' tore'd her
dress,
An' rushed at me wid er big knife,
An' chased me 'round de ole hog pen,
An' threatened fur ter take my life,
So, Br'er Tatem, please 'ress Glen!"

It happened on that very day,
The constable, young Frederick
Bright,
Had called to pass the time away,
In talking politics till night;
But when he heard Aunt Susan tell
Of this wild outlaw's thirst for gore,
The brave young fellow's courage fell;
He quickly started for the door.

"Come back, young man!" the Justice
cried,
("And you go home now, Sister
Brown.")

The frightened officer replied:
"I can't, I've got to go to town."

"Come back and serve this warrant,
Bright;
You must not shirk from duty, Fred.
Find Barney if it takes all night,
And bring him here alive or dead.

"I'll show that fellow he can't do
Just as he please while I'm aroun'
When he's in jail he'll sadly rue
The day he threatened Sister Brown."
Poor Freddy wished ten times or more
He'd stayed at home upon that morn,
Instead of coming to the store,—
He also wished Glen ne'er was born.

He sadly read the warrant through:
"July the 16th, '72, Virginia County,
Princess Ann
"To Frederick Bright I here command"
(Which reads as near as rhyme can
tell),
"Whereas, One Glenmore Barney fell,
Upon one Susan Brown with knife,
And threatened he would take her life,
And badly beat the plaintiff's daughter,
Then threw her down in mud and water,
And otherwise did show his hate
For all the laws of this good State,
That I command you, Frederick Bright,
To bring before me, here to-night,
The body of the said Glenmore
Barney, to be tried by law, ,
With seal affixed, my name you see,
Moses Tatem, a J. P."

So Freddy filled his pistols three,
And took the handcuffs from the
store,
Got on his horse with trembling knee,
And started out to find Glenmore.
(To the warrior it may be
Endless glory, as 'tis said,
After fighting for the free,
To get a bullet in his head.)
Still, every sound made Freddy start
As on he rode with bated breath.
Our hero knew lead in the heart
Meant only now a fameless death.

At last he reached the "Taylor Farm"
Where wicked Barney's deeds were
done.
He threw the handcuffs 'cross his arm,
And cocked and primed his ready
gun.

As up he rode before him stood,
A pretty maid, with yellow face,
And Fred cried out: "The wretch who
would
Harm such beauty, doth disgrace
The name of man, and is a brute.
To drown him would pollute much
water,
And powder's wasted if I shoot,—
For is not this Aunt Susan's daugh-
ter?"

"Where is that Glenmore Barney now?"
He yelled, (for beauty made him
brave)
"Where is the cur, for here I vow
To send him to a timely grave!"
"My name is Glen—Glendelia, sir,"
Replied the maid of golden hue,
"How dare you class me as a cur?"
"What! You Glen Barney! Is it
true?"

He looked into her eyes of black,
As there he sat on steed of white;
Out went his heart; she sent her's back,
'Twas as of yore—love at first sight.
'Twas "Maud" again, and country
Judge,
Of schoolboy lore and world renown,
"Rich repiner and household drudge,"
Our "Maud" was yellow, our "Judge"
was brown.

Law knows not love; love knows not
law,
Still Fred remembered why he came.
So he resolved without a flaw,
To do his duty, just the same.
"Well, Glen—that is Miss Barney, I
Am very sorry it is true,

But tell the truth, the reason why
I came down here, is after you.

"This morning, old Aunt Susan Brown,
Rushed into 'Squire Tatem's store,
And had him write this warrant down,
Which puts you in the hands of law."
Frederick read the warrant through,
The maiden listened with a smile.
"I beat her daughter, it is true,
Because she called me names most
vile."

"Then, as my prisoner you must go
With me up to the 'Squire's store,
Just tell him all the facts you know,
And have no fear about the law."
With arms akimbo, Miss Glen said,
The fire flashing in her eye,
"Before I'll go, I'll be shot dead,
I will resist until I die.

"What, go to jail for old Aunt Sue,
And her old gal, Maria Brown?
I will not go for them or you,
Nor all the constables in town!"
"But Glen, you know the warrant said,
(I read it through without a flaw)
That I must take you, live or dead,
You know, dear girl, that is the law.

"I'll get a buggy for you, Glen,
And drive you with the utmost care,
Pray, for my sake, will you go then?
You'll come out right, so never fear.
Go for my sake, my pretty maid,
I vow you'll never go to jail,
Oh, trust me, do not be afraid,
For I will freely stand your bail."

Glendelia smiled, and so did Bright,
And then she said she'd go, but walk.
This gave the constable delight,
And also gave him time to talk.
So ere they reached Judge Tatem's
store,
The constable a story told,
The same old story as of yore,
The story that will ne'er grow old.

It only took five minutes' time
 Before the learned Justice read:
 "Glendelia Barney did no crime,
 When she resented what was said.
 She only did the things she should,
 When she was called that wicked
 name.
 Why, Sister Brown, I know you would,
 And so would I, have done the same.

"The case's dismissed, the prisoner's
 free,
 This calling names is wicked sport,
 The plaintiff losing, as you see,
 Must settle all the costs of court."
 The constable walked off with Glen,
 And here we might as well just say
 Before we throw aside our pen,
 He married her on Christmas Day.

MARJORIE'S SCHEME.

KATE D. SWEETSER.

It was no great formal reception that Mrs. Groves was giving. It was just a cosy little "at home," to which were bidden a few kindred spirits, some literary women, a musician or two, who played and sang at intervals during the afternoon, a sprinkling of intimate friends, and half a dozen of the season's debutantes.

There was no attempt at wholesale decoration, but there were individual touches, characteristic harmonies, and contrasts here and there that betrayed the artist-spirit, which had planned the careless-seeming whole, and made of the little home a symphony of beauty.

Not the least attractive part of the scene was the group of girls gathered around the tea table, chatting and laughing as they sipped their tea.

"Who are those girls?" whispered an

elderly lady to her hostess. "They do look so pretty in their spring gowns and big hats."

"In the corner? Oh, they are my 'rosebuds'; Meg Fleming, Elsie Browne, Jeanne Grey, and the Dunn girls, Madge and Rose."

"And the pretty girl pouring tea?"

"She is my favorite of them all—Marjorie Kane, Millionaire Kane's daughter. Doesn't she look sweet in that white gown? When you see one of those girls you usually find the other five, for they are perfectly inseparable. What they do not do is not worth doing. They have tennis clubs, and walking clubs, and gymnasium classes, and lunch clubs, besides every other known and unknown sort of club. Talk about society girls being base and indifferent!"

"That is Rob Kane with them — a

queer fellow. He always goes everywhere with them."

Patience has a limit, and that limit is not a very extended one where a man and an afternoon tea are concerned, and long before the girls were ready to leave, Jeanne noticed Rob standing near them, in an attitude of martyr-like dejection, watch in hand.

"Poor dear, he shall go home, so he shall," she said in a mock sympathetic tone, and, turning to the others, said, as she put her hand through Elsie's arm: "Come on, girls, every one is going!"

"Then we are all to lunch with you on Thursday, Marj?"

"Indeed you are, and be sure to all come, for you know it's our last lunch for this season. Come early and stay late. By the way, I have a scheme to propose to the club!"

A little more planning and talking, a suggestion from Rob that he should not be dragged to "more than five hundred of these things," and the group broke up.

As the girls left the room, more than one of the older women turned away enthusiastically.

On the day of the luncheon Marjorie ran down for a last look at the table before the girls came.

"Yes," she murmured, looking with admiration at the fulfilment of her idea, "it is all right; now if they will only be interested!"

Then the girls came in and interrupted her musing.

"Margie, you look sweet enough to eat," exclaimed Rose, giving her a loving squeeze, as they walked in to the dining-room arm in arm, and she said truly, for no picture could have been prettier than fair Marjorie, with her golden hair fluffing all over her head, and the lilac of her gown heightening the pink and whiteness of her skin.

Certainly she was a beauty, and a very

spoiled one, some said, but they were people who knew her slightly, or judged from their idea of what the only daughter of a millionaire must be.

An admiring "oh" burst from the girls, as they seated themselves around the table, the effect was so dainty and "Margie-esque," as Elsie put it.

Each one of this series of luncheons had been arranged as to table decorations in some one color, and Marjorie had chosen lilac—the King's Daughters' color—for hers.

The polished table was covered by lilac ribbons ending at each plate with an embroidered name on its fringed end. In the center of the table was a bank of fragrant violets, shading down into a circle of violets. On the candles were shades of maidenhair fern; all the little bonbon dishes were filled with candied violets, and at each plate lay a mass of those fragrant flowers.

"You extravagant wretch," exclaimed Meg. "I don't which I love most, you or the violets!"

"It's just the sweetest of the whole set, Margie; how clever you were to think of it all," said Jeanne admiringly.

During luncheon the girls tried in vain to find out the new scheme, but the pretty hostess was so persistent in her refusals to say anything about it that the merry talk wandered off into other channels, touching on matters grave and gay, silly and sensible, sparkling with bright thought and ready wit.

All New Yorkers, born and bred, belonging to the same world of culture and society, their interests and friends were mainly the same, and they always had an unending amount of subject for discussion.

Lunch over, the girls settled themselves in Margie's sitting-room for an afternoon of cosy talk.

"Now, Marj, out with the scheme," said Elsie, curling herself up in an arm-

chair, as Jeanne and Rose took possession of the divan, and the others settled themselves on the rugs that lay on the floor, their pet lounging place.

"Come, tell us what your little head has in it now," said Rose. "Are we all to go to China as missionaries, or—"

"Set up soup and coal kitchen in Union Square," interrupted Elsie.

"No, girls, I'll tell you what she wants—a subscription to buy Jack a catechism; he needs it badly enough!"

"Oh, yes, or a—"

"It's a new suit of clothes for her dear protegee, Mrs. Murphy."

"Rose," interrupted Marjorie, in a very earnest way, "did you ever meet a man whom you knew was often tempted to take too much wine?"

"Alas, my dear, I am afraid I have."

"Did you ever drink it with him?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so, at dinners and things."

"Jeanne, did you ever give up doing something you were very fond of because you knew it had a bad influence on the boys?"

"Why, of course not; I expect them to have strength of mind enough not to need my influence; but why this catechism, fair lady?"

Margie laughed; "I was just thinking, that's all. You see it began in this way—"

"The scheme! the scheme!" murmured Madge under her breath.

"One day long ago, just before I had the typhoid fever last winter, I was in my room, and I heard Rob and Jim Crane talking in Rob's room. What brought up the subject I don't know, but I heard Rob say, 'Sisters! why, they're no good! They don't really care if a fellow goes to the devil or not, nor other fellows' sisters either, so far as I can see. They only want us to tote 'em around and amuse 'em!'"

"What a story!" exclaimed Rose indignantly.

"Then," continued Margie, "I heard Rob say, 'Yes, sir, you bet we would be better men if they only helped us!'"

"Pooh! I don't believe they would," said Jeanne contemptuously.

"Wait a minute, Jeanne. Then he went on: 'There's one girl in New York who could twist me around her little finger if she tried, and that's Jeanne Grey. It's a pity the girls don't know how much influence they have with us.'"

"There, Miss Jeanne, don't blush; I would not have told it if your ladyship had not been so scornful."

No answer came from Jeanne; all that could be seen of her face was the tip of a very red ear.

"I sat very still after this, trying not to lose a word Rob said, and he went on:—"

"What man's going to refuse a glass of wine if a girl like Margie is sitting next to him smiling and drinking hers? I tell you they are responsible for the beginning of lots of the things they frown at when they get to be settled habits. If a girl will laugh at serious things, don't you suppose I will, too?"

"That was all I heard, but it set me thinking; then I was laid up with the typhoid for so long, and somehow I never had a chance to speak to you girls about it till now."

"I've thought about it in every possible way and manner, and I am firmly decided that no man would say such a thing if it were not true. They do have harder temptations to fight than we do, and I believe we have not helped them as we might. I propose," Margie's cheeks were bright red now, and her eyes sparkling with interest in her subject, "I propose that we try to show them that our ideal is high and that we will not come down to a lower level; they must come up to ours."

"But we will have to get up to the ideal ourselves first," sighed Meg.

"Of course, and it will not be easy, but

I do honestly believe it will pay. I propose that we use all our power not to influence them to go one step in the wrong way, and to show them that we want friends that we can, first of all, respect. There are lots of little ways that we can help them if we stop and think about it, and I think it will do some good if they see that we are really willing to give up things for their sakes.

"We do a tremendous deal of frivolling about serious subjects that may not hurt us because we don't mean it, but it influences them.

"What do you say, girls, to being members of my Influence Ten? We are all Kings' Daughters; this will be our private branch."

"I am ready for anything, except to be eaten by a cannibal," said Madge.

"My dear," said Meg, with an effort at her usual light manner, "privately I have always thought good men very stupid, but if they are not all saints hereafter it shall not be my fault!"

"Alas, alack, I shall be obliged to have a complete house-cleaning, mental, moral and physical, before I try to scrub up other people's floors," said Rose laughingly, as they roused from their lounging positions when five o'clock chimed from the clock on the mantel, and they realized that the afternoon was over.

Margie went to a drawer and brought out six slender gold bracelets, padlocked each by a tiny cross of gold. "You see,"

she said, a smile flashing in her blue eyes, "I was so sure you would help me that I ordered these pledges to remind us as we wear them," adding in a lower voice: "Just think how much it will be worth if our influence ever brings one of the boys nearer—the King!"

Not a word more was said on the subject. The girls were thinking too seriously to speak of it lightly, and the good nights were very quietly said.

Then they went out to their various lives, went back into the whirl of people and things, whither we cannot follow them, but in each life there was from that day a new thought, that months and years wove into a controlling purpose. Theirs were, as the world goes, ordinary lives, but who dares say they were not changed, broadened by the resolution symbolized by the little gold crosses?

There's one thing sure. I know none of them ever suspected the reason for Margie's thinking so deeply on the subject, nor did they know why her engagement was not announced, or why Jack Dunning went West. But I—I knew, for I am Margie's brother Rob, and it's all right now, for Marj wears a ring on the proper finger, and Jack has a tiny cross on his watch chain.

I tell you what, my sister is a trump, and she has forgiven me long ago for listening on that day of her lunch party. Jeanne Grey is a pretty nice girl, too, after all!



AN UNCONSCIOUS HERO.

A. C. WILLARD.

"Now, Ik, here you are again, working for us when you ought to be attending to your own place," remonstrated Mrs. Harold.

Ik, startled, scrambled up from his kneeling posture, jerking his excuse for a hat from his kinky head, and stood before his former mistress with a countenance indicative of having been caught in the midst of unworthy deeds, a quaint, shabby, ungainly figure in garments that defy my feeble descriptive powers, an unmistakable son of darkest Africa, of uncertain age, and indescribable personality.

"Ef you please, Miss Mary," said he with look and tone expressive of profound apology. "I was jest a-weedin' Miss Nell's pansy blossoms. Dey's choked up wid de grass, dey is, and needs 'tention mighty bad, dey does."

"So they do, Ik. And so does everything else about the place. However," she added, with a sigh, "unless I manage better in the future than I have in the past I will soon have no claim upon it."

"Whot dat you sayin', Miss Mary?" asked Ik, lifting his head quickly. "Ain't gwine to sell de ole place, is you, mistress?"

"Sell it, Ik! Don't you remember Mr. Grimsby's mortgage?"

"I 'members it, mistress, well enough," responded Ik, with deep dejection, dropping his head again and moving uneasily from one foot to the other, "but I t'ought dat bus'ness done been 'ranged long o' Mars Philip an' Mars Grimsby."

"So it was, for a time, Ik; but another payment, the last payment, will be due on the last day of this month, and unless

I can meet that payment promptly, Mr. Grimsby declares the old place must go."

"Can't Mars Phil?" began Ik, anxiously.

"No," said Mrs. Harold. "He has done all that he could, as a lawyer and as a friend, for us, and he can do no more. He is a poor man himself, and he has a large family of his own. Five hundred dollars is not easy to get these days, Ik," with a faint smile.

Ik looked up quickly, again.

"Five hundred dollars, Miss Mary?"

"Yes, Ik, five hundred dollars. And if I could pay it the old place would be my own again, and, with a little help, I could soon have it in good condition and be comfortable once more, Ik, and put Miss Nell at school, and be able to help you and Martha along. You have done so much for us."

"Five hundred dollars!" repeated Ik again, thoughtfully, anxiously. Then, with a quaver in his humble tones, "As to me 'n Marthy, mistress, whot's me 'n Martha done for you? Whar'd we be only fer you and my marster dat's ded? Didn't he give us dat place of oun, and sot us bofe free long 'fore freedom come and kered for us an' helped us long as he lived? Mistess, you done forgot all dat?"

"No, Ik, and I haven't forgotten all your faithful service to your master, and to me since your master died, and I am not likely to forget. You deserve a great deal more than you ever have received or ever will receive."

Ik shook his head, drew his hand across his eyes, and opened his lips twice in unavailing effort to articulate some sort of protest.

"Well, well, Ik," said Mrs. Harold, gently, "perhaps things will come out all right somehow. We'll try to make the best of them in any case. How is Martha today?"

"Fa'rly, mistess, fa'ly. Dat ile you sont her hoped her rheum'tism might'ly."

"I am glad to hear it, Ik, I'll go down to see her in the morning; I sent Nell down today."

"Tank you, mistess; I lef' Miss Nell dar when I come up here dis arternoon. Is you gwine to de sto', Miss Mary? Let me go fer you?"

"No," said Mrs. Harold, moving away down the garden path, "I am going to see Lawyer Graves. See that Miss Nell comes home before dark, Ik."

She walked slowly on and Ik stood still and stared after her, thoughtfully but vaguely.

"Five hundred dollars!" muttered he. "An' she's got to hab-it by de las' of dis mont', and dis is de middle! Five hundred dollars! An' to tink I 'members de time when marster t'ought nothin' o' spendin' five thousand dollars, and when dat same ole Grimsby 'd a-been in de po' house, long o' his kin, ef it hadn't a-been fer my marster, an' now he trying to take de roof from over my mistess' head. Him dat aint no better'n de dus' under his foots! 'Fore God I hopes he'll swung from de gallus fust, I does!" and Ik fell upon his knees again, and began an unnecessarily savage onslaught upon the fresh green grass among Nell's pansy blossoms.

"Ef you please, Mars Phil!"

"Well, Isaac," said Lawyer Graves, turning from his desk and looking kindly and inquiringly at his sable visitor who stod hesitatingly half in and half out of the office door, "come in. What can I do for you? A message from Mrs. Harold?"

"No, sah," said Ik, approaching to within a few yards of the lawyer and

pausing abruptly, shifting from his right foot to his left as he stood, and twisting his old nat unmercifully with his two coal-black, nervous hands. "I's come on a little bus'ness o' my own dis mornin', sah."

"Business of your own, eh, Ik? Well, out with it, old man. Let us hear what it is."

"Ef you please, Mars Phil," said Ik, hesitating and doubtful, "I—I's sole my place, sah!"

"Sold your place!" exclaimed the lawyer, astonished. "Why, Isaac, what possessed you? Mr. Harvey told me two months ago that you refused a good offer from him."

"So I did, Mars Phil, so I did, sah! but—but—I's sole it to him now. You see, Mrs. Phil, it was jinin' o' dat fiel' o' his'n an' he wanted it mighty bad," added Ik apologetically.

"I see, Ik. But what do you want to do? What do you want me to do for you? You are not going to leave the country, I hope?"

"No, sah, I ain't no sech notion as dat. You see, Mars Phil, sah," continued Ik, still shifting uneasily and staring down at the persecuted hat in his restless hands, "I was kinder tired like livin' in one place so long, an' I 'cluded 'twould be de bes' for me 'n Marthy to live nigher de big house. Dere's a little bit of a shanty in de back yard by de kitchen dat Miss Mary'll let us have till, till, sumudder 'rangements kin be made, and we'll be nigh enough to help Mistess and Miss Nell more'n we does now, an' —"

"Ik," interrupted Lawyer Graves, "does Mrs. Harold know you have sold your place?"

"No, sah," responded Ik with evident reluctance.

"It was a nice place, Isaac, and you were very comfortably fixed. A very nice place."

"So 'twas, Mars Phil. So 'twas, sah!" assented Ik eagerly. "Marster hoped me 'long wid it, an' hoped me to pay fer de house, an'—an'—but Mrs. Harvey wanted it powerful bad, an' —"

"How much did he pay you for it, Ik?"

"Seven hunderd an' fifty dollars, Mars Phil; more'n he offered me at first. An' so," continued Ik, still bent upon apologizing for the disposal of his own lawful property, "I 'cluded to sell out and live nigher de big house, and keep Miss Mary an'—"

"But, Isaac," said Lawyer Graves, "do you know that within a week's time, in all probability, Miss Mary will no longer have any claim on the big house? You ought to have consulted her before you sold your place. You are better off to-day than your old mistress, Isaac. I've worked hard to set things straight, but I don't see any help for her. What are you going to do with your seven hundred and fifty dollars, Ik? If—" he stopped abruptly and looked hard at the shambling, awkward, uneasy figure, looked so hard and searchingly that the anxious, wishful eyes fell beneath his gaze.

"In a week's time, did you say, Mars Phil, sah?"

"In less than a week's time, Isaac, your old mistress and her daughter will be houseless and homeless, as far as I can see to the contrary."

"Mars Phil," stammered Ik hurriedly, still looking down and crushing the shapeless mass in his hands, "I done cum here dis mornin' to tell you—to ax you—to—but I dunno how to go 'bout it. Me'n Marthy wuz thinkin', Mars Phil, sah, couldn't you—couldn't some white gem'man—"

"Isaac!" shouted Lawyer Graves, springing to his feet, grasping Ik's shoulder and shaking him till his teeth chattered and his unfortunate rag of a hat fell from his trembling hands. "What have you done? What have you done?"

"Mars Phil!" uttered Ik in frightened tones, shrinking from the lawyer's grasp, "'deed, Mars Phil, I didn't mean no harm. I didn't mean my mistress to know de money cum from me! She tole me, you tole me, Mars Phil, sah, dat de money couldn't be got nohow, an' we couldn't b'ar, me'n Marthy, to see de ole place go like dat, an' so—an' so—O Mars Phil, sah, 'deed I didn't mean no harm!"

"Harm!" cried the lawyer, with shining eyes and unsteady lips, "Isaac! Isaac! You have done what the noblest gentleman in the land might be proud of having done, what not one 'white gen'man' in a million would think of doing! You have sold the roof from over your head, you, in your old age, have thrown yourself out of house and home to—O Ik! Ik!"

"You'll do it den, Mars Phil!" cried Ik, eager and excited, approaching the lawyer as he sank back into his chair and touching his hand with the tip of his black finger; "you'll save de ole place an' never let 'em know—min' dat, Mars Phil!—never let 'em know whar de money cum fum!"

"I'll do it, Ik, who wouldn't do it! But after it's done,—where's your money, Isaac?"

"Here, right here, Mars Phil!" and drawing an old stocking from hidden depths somewhere about his person Ik emptied its contents into the lawyer's hands.

"Isaac! Isaac!" said Lawyer Graves, "give that stocking to me. I'll keep it so long as there's a shred of it left, and who else will be able to show a like souvenir? Who else will be able to tell a story such as I can and will tell! There's two hundred and fifty dollars I'll put down to your credit till you call for it. That's over and above the five hundred, you know. There's something else written against your name in a mighty book, Isaac—but I'm talking Greek to you!

Go along and tell Mrs. Harold I must see her immediately and that I have good news for her. But no! Send Grimsby here, I'll settle with Grimsby first, and then I'll see her."

And Ik, with beautiful countenance, picked up his disreputable headgear and shuffled off as fast as his feet in their rugged coverings could carry him.

"Ik! Ik!" cried Mrs. Harold in broken tones. The shambling, awkward, ungainly figure stood before her in her own room, nervously turning and twisting that disgraceful hat, his manner the manner of a culprit called to account for dire misdeeds.

"Ef you please, Miss Mary, Mars Phil—he promised not to tole you, he did," muttered Ik, in the lowest depths of humiliation and confusion.

"O Isaac, Isaac! I don't know what to do for you, I don't know what to say to you!" continued Mrs. Harold. "How dared you do such a thing? How dared you think of it? But, O Ik! Ik! I'm glad to know that there's such a creature in the world! You don't know, you can't know what you have saved us from, what

you have done for us, Isaac; but some day you shall have a home of your own again, you and Martha. And some day, Ik, some day, when you meet your dead master face to face in a better world —"

Ik lifted a suddenly glorified face. "Dat's whot I's hopin' and tryin' fer, Mistess," he whispered under his breath, "to meet my marster, some day, in dat better world. 'Taint so fur away, Miss Mary, dat day, an' when I meets 'em dar, Mars Guy an' my heabenly Marster, I wants to feel dat I can look 'em bofe in de face widout fear an' tremblin'. Dat's what I's hopin' an' tryin' for, Mistess," and turning away he shamled softly from the room and back to Nell's flower beds, wholly unconscious of the heroism and self-sacrifice embodied in the deed he had done, mindful only of, thankful only for, in the simple, humble, unthinking ignorance of his untaught African soul, the fact that the old home of his dead master was safe, once more, in the possession of those who loved and honored it for that dead master's sake.

THE NEGRO'S SERVICE TO THE WORLD.

J. D. COOKE.

(Concluded.)

Africa has been called the cradle of civilization; and so it was. The germs of all science and of the two great religions now professed by the most enlightened races were fostered in Africa. Science, in all its latest miracles, religion in its various offshoots, present nothing to compare with that which was familiar to the ancient Ethiopians, and is to-day held fast in the secret wonders of the desert. In Africa stands that marvellous architectural pile—the Great Pyramid

—the admiration and despair of the world for a hundred generations. Scientists, theologians, men of affairs, all regard this stupendous wonder as in some sort the key to the problem of the universe. And, indeed, Africa is a symbol of the profoundest truths of science and religion, and of all the past and future history of man. And Africa still lies at the gateway of all the loftiest and noblest traditions of the human race—of India, of Greece, of Rome—inter-

mingling with all divine administration and closely connected with the most famous events in the world's history.

In Africa, Moses, the greatest law-giver the world has ever known, was born; and, later, one greater than Moses was preserved from death, in infancy, in Africa. Angels said to Joseph, "Arise, take the young child and his mother and flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word, for Herod will seek the child and destroy him." When in His final hours, the Saviour of mankind struggled up the heights of Calvary under the weight of the cross, accused by Asia and condemned by Europe, Africa furnished the man to relieve Him of His burden, for as they led him away they laid hold upon one Simon a Cyrenian, coming out of the country, and on him they laid the cross, that he might bear it after Jesus, and all through those times and times anterior to them, whether in sacred or profane history, Africa is never out of view as a helper.

When America was discovered, thereby adding a fourth continent to the knowledge of mankind, the discoverers found themselves unable to utilize the richest portion of the vast domain, and because the feeble frames of the Mexicans could not support the burdens of the Spanish task-masters, and the race was becoming extinct, the cries of a maribound population reached the ears of Europe and the Negro with his patience, his strong, physical qualities, and his superior power of endurance, was thought of, and Africa, the gray-haired mother of civilization, was resorted to for the laborers who could work the mines of the newly discovered country and thus contributed towards the development of modern civilization in this almost boundless territory. The discovery of America

without the aid of Africa would have been useless.

The Negro race has served the world and will continue to serve it, if service rendered to humanity is service rendered to God. Thus Ethiopia has stretched out her hands unto God, thus fulfilling the prophecy. Remember, my people, a man greater than thee served and suffered, even Christ, the man of sorrows and who was acquainted with grief.

Suffering, persecution, and contempt are not proof that God is not a loving Father of a people—but may be rather an evidence of nearness to God, seeing that they have been chosen to tread in the footsteps of the first-born of creation, suffering for the welfare of others.

Every man, woman and child of the Negro race should be proud of his race, because we come from the greatest ancestry the world has ever seen. The United States is a country that has lost its ideals in one generation. She is becoming servile; you produce nothing but rich men; you produce no great men. Count Tolstoi is right. The Anglo-Saxon race is not producing any more great men in the United States. The most daring man in the country since Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln, is President Roosevelt, and he is now trembling for his country, as Thomas Jefferson was in the dark days of slavery. Jefferson saw danger ahead for his country. President Roosevelt has pointed out the danger of mob rule, and the lynching and burning of Negroes, in his letter to Gov. Durbin of Indiana. He says the nation is in danger, for mob law will cause our downfall, and still great divines are advocating the lynching and burning of human beings.

Bishop Brown of Arkansas says, "Let the South solve the Negro prob-

lem." Which problem does he refer to, and how does he propose to solve the great question of the African race in the United States? There are certain problems brought before a people at times, by accident. These may admit a solution by extraneous help. There are others which grow out of their natural, inherent, unchangeable relations to the

outside world, or to the universe; they are solved by the people themselves, under favorable circumstances.

The Negro is growing restless on the subject of caste prejudice in darkest America, and he is not satisfied at the treatment he is receiving from the whites. The more enlightenment he receives, the greater his persecution.

THE QUAKER CITY.

H. HARRISON WAYMAN.

Dr. Creigh Imes was born in Pennsylvania near the "Juniata" of the famous Indian song "Alferretta." He was reared on a farm and educated in the common schools.

Among the industries of Pennsylvania, especially of the smaller towns, the tannery is very evident. It was in one of these places that he mastered the double trades of tanning and finishing, and was finally given charge of the works where he was employed. But being deeply impressed with the thought that he might be of special service to the race with which he was identified, he took a special course in the grammar schools, and thus qualified himself for the study of medicine. Dr. Imes was the first of his race to be admitted as a student into the Hahneman Medical College of Philadelphia. From this institution he graduated with honors in the class of '84. He also attended clinics in the Pennsylvania and the Philadelphia hospitals. He commands a most successful practice. For more than five years he was one of the city's district physicians. He is a member of the Homoeopathic County Medical Society of Philadelphia, having shared offices in the same, enjoying the confidence and fellowship of his Alma Mater and colleagues.

He enjoys a liberal share in the musical world, having for a time filled the position of organist in the Central Presbyterian Church, of which he is a member, a Ruling Elder, and Clerk of the Session.

At present he is chairman of the board of managers of the "Home for Aged and Infirm Colored People" in Philadelphia, and a member of numerous other institutions. Besides his accomplishments, Dr. Imes is a very fine representative of the race; he is benevolent, and very agreeable. Among all classes he is highly respected.

* * * * *

Frank M. Hendricks, M.D., Ph.G., is a young and eminent practitioner who received his early training in the public schools. After the terms ended he sold flowers and newspapers on the streets; later on he finished his trade as tonsorial artist, which he plied as a bread-winner for a number of years.

Having a strong desire to enter a profession less mediocre he was prepared by private tutors in 1891 for Lincoln University, from which he received his literary education. In 1895 he matriculated at the Medico-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia to study the practice of medicine. After four years of study he

graduated with honors in the class of 1899. Shortly afterwards he entered the Ohio Institute of Pharmacy at Columbus, O., from which he graduated in 1902 with the degree of Ph.G. Dr. Hendricks has progressive ideas along which he aims to guide his career.

* * * * *

The Quaker City has institutions for every class operated and controlled by the colored race. Among them number The Home for Aged and Infirm Colored People, St. Michael's Home for the Lame, and the Frederick Douglass Memorial Hospital and Training School.

Dr. N. F. Mossell, the eminent surgeon, is Dean of this Institution. Among the staff is Dr. W. H. Pipes, A.B., Ph.D.

Dr. Pipes was born in Millington, Md., March 3, 1870. He attended Lincoln University; in the sophomore contest in 1893 he won the first of the two medals offered—the gold one. In 1894 he graduated with the degree of A.B.

He came to Philadelphia and studied at the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy. He entered Howard University at Washington, D.C., which graduated him in 1898 with the degree of Ph.D.

Dr. Pipes, besides being the head chemist and pharmacist at the F. D. M. H. & T. S., is lecturer in Materia Medica and Pharmacology. He married Miss Carrie B. Sterling, a school teacher of Wilmington, who is well versed in music.

* * * * *

Dr. George Pleasant conducts a first-class drug store. In all there are two public ones owned by colored men in Philadelphia.

Dr. John Porter and D. H. Robinson are among the well-known Ph.Gs.

* * * * *

Henry M. Minton, Ph.G., the first colored American to engage in the le-

gitimate business of pharmacy in Philadelphia, was born thirty-one years ago. He is the son of Theophilus J. Minton, a prominent lawyer. He is also the grandson of Henry Minton and Col. John McKee, and the great-grandson of James Prosser, all of whom were well-known Philadelphians.

When his father removed to Washington, D.C., and engaged in the law office of the Treasury Department, Henry was started in the public schools in that city. After several years there, he took a short course in Howard University, and in the fall of '87 went to Exeter. During his stay in Washington he was always at the head of his class. At Exeter he soon made himself known. The Exeter Literary Society solicited contributions from new men, and in compliance with this, he wrote one on "The Government of Schools and Colleges." It was accepted, and other college publications referred to it in glowing terms. He later became editor-in-chief of the "Lit," and assistant editor of the "Exonian." All through his course he had more than his share of honors. On Thanksgiving Day, 1890, he was elected toastmaster of the annual dinner, and as a testimonial to a merited honor, the Senior Class of America's Rugby elected him class-day orator at Phillips, Exeter, New Hampshire.

His pharmaceutical career began shortly after in Philadelphia, where he served his apprenticeship in drug stores, and at Atlantic City, N. J. In 1895 he was graduated from the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy.

Dr. Mossell, who was organizing the Douglass Hospital about that time, solicited the aid and support of Dr. Minton. He became secretary to the Board of Managers and pharmacist to the institution. After serving the hospital four years and a half in that capacity he launched out in business for himself,

which he has successfully conducted and is ever increasing.

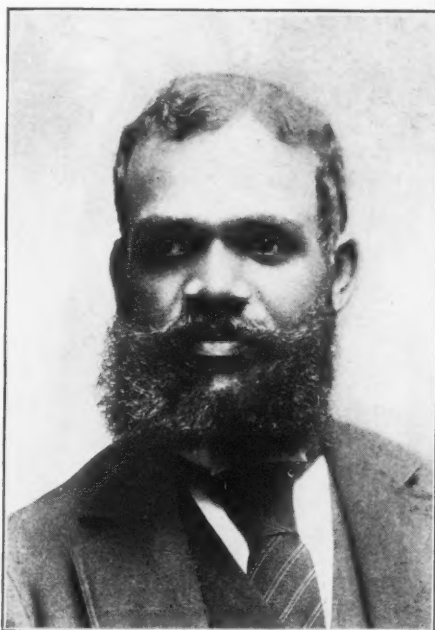
Dr. Minton is now taking a course at Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia, to be better equipped for the profession.

* * * * *

The legal profession has a corps of brilliant lawyers who have been very successful in their practice. We find among them such bright lights as R. Fuller Nicholis, Abraham Murray, Thos. H.

the hour. He comes of a very old Philadelphia family. By working during the nocturnal hours in the Philadelphia Post Office, he was enabled to attend the University of Pennsylvania during the day, from which he graduated as a civil engineer.

Mr. Durham for a number of years was an editorial writer on the "Evening Bulletin" of Philadelphia. He has filled the diplomatic offices of consul to San Domingo and Minister, President, and



DR. CREIGH INNIS,

See page 887. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Wheeler, John W. Parks, J. Asbury, Jno. A. Sparks, Wm. Still, Jr., and Harry Bass, who has a diploma from Lincoln University, Howard University, and the University of Pennsylvania.

The legal profession is a side issue with Hon. John S. Durham, as he is usually nestling in one of the cozy berths the government proffers.

John S. Durham, lawyer, diplomat and author, is what we might call a man of

Consul General at Hayti. After filling these offices with honor, he returned to his native city and practiced law. His literary works were increased by a very popular novel he wrote recently, entitled "Diane, Priestess of Haiti."

President Roosevelt in selecting men worthy of positions of trust could not have found a better man than John S. Durham as one of the attorneys to help adjust the Spanish war claims, for he

has not only the legal ability, but he is also an accomplished linguist.

* * * * *

There are thirty-one churches in Philadelphia, some of them seating from two to three thousand people. The pastors are among the most brainy men of the race. Among the most advanced who minister to the leading congrega-

Rev. John B. Randolph, one of the most zealous and enterprising clergymen of Philadelphia. He was born in Amelia Co., Va. Being next to the oldest of sixteen children, he had little opportunity to study, being compelled to work to support the rest of the family.

Rev. Randolph attended the Hampton Institute. When he came to Hampton



DR. FRANK M. HENDRICKS,

See page 887. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

tions are George A. McGuire, rector of St. Thomas P. E. Church, Rev. Wm. A. Creditt, Cherry St. Baptist, Rev. Henry L. Phillips, Crucifixion P. E. Church, Rev. J. W. Lee, First A. Presbyterian, and Rev. J. B. Reeve, the venerable scholar, pastor of Central Presbyterian Church. Among the bright lights is

he could not make figures, and the faculty refused to admit him. At this crisis he resorted to strategy. He stood up and began to cry in good style. The benevolent General Armstrong was so moved by the boy's earnestness that he gave him three weeks' probation. At the end of that time he had made such



MISS A. R. HUNTER,

See page 896.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

progress that the General gave him three months; before the end of that period he had been promoted twice. Rev. Randolph while in Hampton had to resort to many things to succeed. After he had been there six months, he had only one pair of pants. He went to the officials and asked them for additional apparel. They told him he would have to be there a year before he could get any clothing, but they gave him a box of shoe polish. That night after all the boys had retired, he went down to the boiler room, and from that box of polish he made a solution in which he dyed his trousers from top to bottom. When he attended services with the blackened trousers, the boys remarked that they smelled blacking, and some one had too much blacking; indeed, he joined with them.

On the return from services the students were permitted to accompany the young ladies. Of course he had his lady. Unfortunately, she had on a light dress; when she was about to leave him

she noticed her dress, which had brushed against him considerably. She said to him, "What have you done to my dress?"

Rev. Randolph spent his vacation at Cape Charles City, Va., and organized the Hollywood Baptist Church, which was the first on the shore.

On finishing at Hampton, he came to Philadelphia in 1887, where he secured a position as porter with a large mercantile concern. On Sundays he preached at the Second Baptist Church of Burlington, N. J., which had seven members. At the end of six months the church grew to such an extent that it had to be enlarged, and when completed, added a baptistry and dressing rooms. Being yet too small, a lot was bought, and a new church built. From Burlington he went to Trenton in 1893, where he organized and incorporated the Shiloh Baptist Church, which grew from twelve to forty-five members.

From Trenton Rev. Randolph came to Philadelphia, and took charge of the



MISS BERTHA M. MYERS,

See page 896.

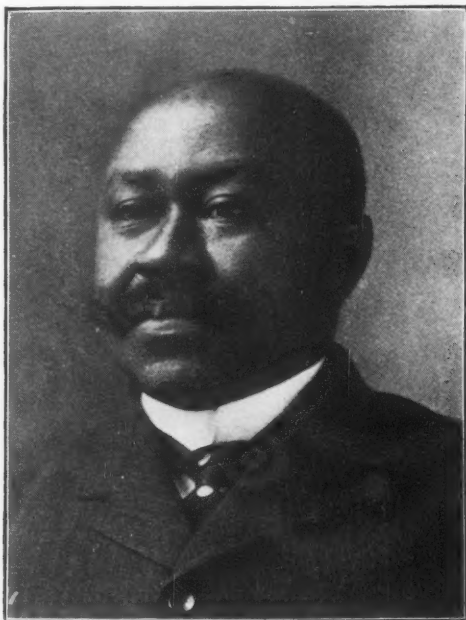
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Bethsaida Baptist Church, which had thirty-four members, but hardly a cent to its credit. It took on new life, and in five years the congregation, which had grown to four hundred and fifty, with an average Sunday School attendance of one hundred, bought ground and built, entirely by the designs of the pastor and colored mechanics, including members of the congregation and pastor working voluntarily, the Metropolitan Baptist Church, the name it now bears. This

and 10th cavalries on San Juan Hill, when he visited Philadelphia during the Peace Jubilee.

John Henry Lawson was one of the men who were with Admiral Farragut on the flagship "Hartford" in the memorable battle of Mobile Bay, which occurred on August 5, 1864.

Farragut's ships had captured the rebel forts Morgan, Powell and Gaines, and the "Hartford" had anchored off one of the forts when it was attacked by a rebel



MR. MARCUS F. PITTS,

See page 898. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

church, built on economical plans, cost twelve thousand dollars. It is worth double that. It is equipped with modern improvements, and promises, with its able and thoroughgoing leader, with its thousand-dollar pipe organ soon to be added, to be as popular in the hearts of the colored American as the Little Church Around the Corner of New York is to the Thespians.

Philadelphia loves a hero. I remember how they raved over Sergeant Geo. Berry, who planted the flag of the 3d

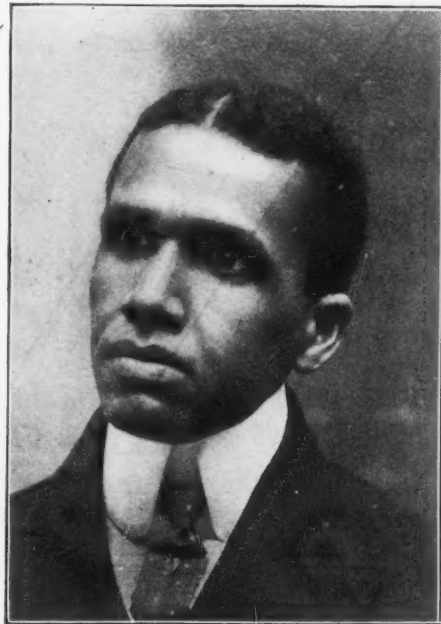
ram. Before the "Hartford" could bind its anchor, which had been hurriedly raised, and butt the ram, it swung around and let go a broadside, killing or wounding every man at the shellwhip on the berth deck. Lawson was one of the six. He was wounded in the leg and thrown with great violence against the side of the ship, but as soon as he recovered he went back to the shellwhip and remained until the victory was won. He possesses a Naval Legion of Honor medal granted by the United States Government for distinguished bravery in action

during the civil war; it was presented to him on the recommendation of Rear Admiral D. L. Farragut and Captain P. Drayton of the "Hartford." Lawson was born in Philadelphia, June 16, 1828. He is possessed with all of his faculties and is well preserved.

One of the things that should not pass without special notice is that Matthew Henson of Philadelphia accompanied Lieut. R. E. Peary on his first expedition on the "Kite" in 1891, and on his

The great problem commonly called the race problem after all when observed critically applies to us individually. The great wealth of Philadelphians has in most cases been accumulated in a generation; the son rarely succeeds the father. Some of the most successful men have come from the lowly walks of life to become the present-day doctors, lawyers, clergymen, and men of affairs.

Marcus F. Pitts was born January 29, 1854, in Synepuxent, near Berlin, Wor-



MR. JOHN W. HARRIS,

See page 894. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

subsequent explorations to the frozen North. Henson is the man who made with him over the ice 83 degrees and 50 minutes north latitude in the expedition of 1900. Lieut. Peary's preference for Henson, especially on account of his fitness for handling the Eskimos and the equipments, provoked the physician of the ship, Dr. Dietrich, who marooned himself, and was the cause of a great deal of comment. The man Henson and Peary have been as near the pole as has been reached in this hemisphere.

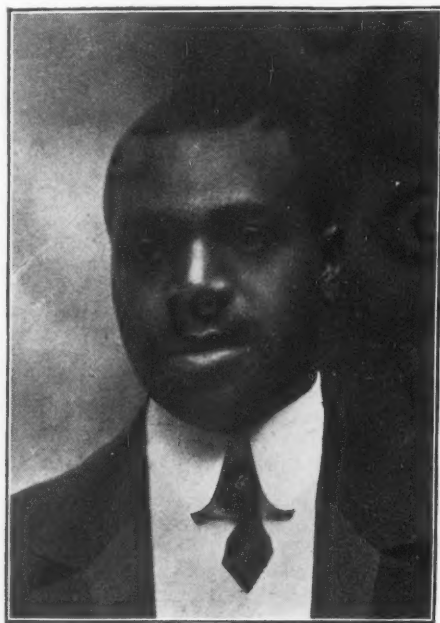
chester county, Maryland. When a boy of nine years he was bound out for three years under a very hard taskmaster, thus deprived of securing even a common school education for some years after the Emancipation Proclamation. Mr. Pitts was employed as woodcutter and often worked till late at night in order to meet the demands of every-day life. At the age of 20 he came to Philadelphia and engaged in carrying the hod. Having an irresistible thirst for knowledge he attended the night school and by close

application to his studies he obtained the prize for which he sought. In January, 1887, he was elected Financial Secretary of Light Star Lodge, which office he held for several years with honor to the lodge and credit to himself.

In 1894 he was appointed chairman of the Citizens' Permanent Relief Committee of the 4th ward. He performed the duties of this office to the entire satisfaction of the suffering poor, besides attending to his own work. In August of the same year, the management of the

superintendent of Bainbridge-St. M. E. S. S. Few men in Philadelphia have the ability to train the children of a Sunday School better than he.

For several years he has served as president of the Conference Board of Church Extension, having succeeded Rev. James A. Richardson to that position. He is also one of the directors of the National Produce Company. Mr. Pitts is a P. F. in the G. U. O. O. F.; owns a comfortable home and is a model citizen.



MR. A. E. MARKEL,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Alta Friendly Society, recognizing the ability, as well as the unquestionable honesty of Mr. Pitts, promoted him to the superintendency.

By staunch integrity and devotion to duty, he has made for himself an enviable reputation with the Alta Friendly Society. He is the first Afro-American appointed by the society as superintendent, and this distinction was conferred solely on account of merit.

For 15 years Mr. Pitts has been the

John W. Harris was born in Philadelphia at an early age, and attended the Friends' school in Raspberry Alley. Later he attended the institute for colored youth, another school supported by the same society, from which institution he graduated in 1886. In the fall of the same year he entered the Philadelphia Tribune office as utility man at \$2 a week; he remained there until September, 1901. During the time with the Tribune he filled various positions until he

became managing editor, which position he held for ten years. During his latter years with the Tribune he organized the Small Loan and the Conservative Investment companies; both of these organizations are stock companies which loan money.

Mr. Harris is president and general manager of both. The Small Loan loans small amounts of money; the Conservative Investment Company is a corporation, and does considerable business. Its members are the leading colored

men of the Slowe Mfg. Company. Among the organizations enjoying eminent social prestige he is an influential member, among which are the St. Andrews Guild, the Fortnightly and the Citizens' club. Whatever success Mr. Harris has made it has been by his own tireless energy.

One of the signs of the marvellous advancement of our race in Philadelphia is the coveted positions of honor and trust quite a number fill for white corporations and firms. Mr. James G.



MR. HENRY M. MINTON,

See page 888. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

business men of Philadelphia. They intrust most of the management of the concerns to the wise discretion of Mr. Harris. He is also treasurer of the Alumni Association of the Institute for Colored Youth; treasurer of the Bainbridge Center of the American Society for the extension of university teaching; auditor of the Bureau Building and Loan Association; also one of the founders of the Enterprise Coal Company; a direc-

Davis is supervisor of draughting for the great corporation of Philadelphia, the United Gas and Improvement Company. Mr. S. Clifton Mosley has been paying teller in one of the large trust companies; he has recently been promoted to a higher position.

Mr. Gerome Bacon is bookkeeper and stenographer for the Millbourn Mills Co.

Mr. O. H. Tolson is stenographer for a large mercantile house.

Mr. Louis A. Potter, runner for the Provident Trust and Life Insurance Company.

Mr. George Reynolds is foreman in a well-known Chestnut-st tailor establishment.

Olonzo H. Jackson, another shrewd young man, is the proprietor of a clerical garment establishment.

Among this class of successful men we see a higher standard; they are far in advance of many of the men employed by the same corporations. They are colored, but their complexions are the only evidence of their nationality. There is one man in Philadelphia whom we might designate as "the popular man," William Carl Bolivar, a native of Philadelphia, whose forebears have been well known for generations. Mr. Bolivar is a brilliant product of the Institute for Colored Youth. He holds a very responsible position with one of the large construction companies.

Mr. Bolivar is a recognized authority on the colored people of Philadelphia; he is a collector of everything pertaining to his people. He owns a valuable library; has written plays, sketches, verses, and has been "pencil pusher" for the Philadelphia Tribune for nearly ten years.

Among the refined and popular young women of Philadelphia is Miss Mattie Hawkins, one of the three daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Hawkins. Miss

Hawkins graduated from the Institute for Colored Youth in the class of 1895. She follows the profession of dressmaker and if one's apparel is the criterion of their profession Miss Hawkins is a good example, for she is a model of neatness.

Miss A. R. Hunter is undoubtedly one of the most clever stenographers in the city. She graduated from the Girls' Commercial School in 1896. For a time she had a desk in the office of two colored lawyers in the Witherspoon building. She is now employed by the Banner Publishing Company as stenographer, book-keeper and proofreader. She was one of the delegates to the National Baptist Convention at Birmingham, Ala., in September, 1902. Recently she did extensive reporting for Rev. D. L. Blackwell for publication purposes.

Miss Bertha M. Myers, one of Philadelphia's young stenographers, entered the public school at six years of age, and passed successfully through the various grades. She entered the girls' high school in 1899, and having completed the business course, was graduated in June, 1900. Since she has been out of school much of the time, she has been in the employ of various clergymen. She is at present a clerk in the office of the Northern Aid Society. Miss Myers is well equipped for her calling, besides she is interested in church work and literary organizations.



[Under this heading we shall publish monthly such short articles or locals as will enable our subscribers to keep in close touch with the various social movements among the colored race, not only throughout this country but the world. All are invited to contribute items of general news and interest.]

Mr. John W. Strother, the practical merchant tailor, was born at Gallipolis, Ohio, receiving his education there and at Storer College, Harper's Ferry,

W. Va. Coming to Columbus in 1885 he found employment with one of the leading merchant tailors as porter, which position he filled for four years with much credit to himself. He so favorably impressed his employer that he was promoted to the responsible position of trimmer and cutter. After having filled that position with satisfaction to all concerned, he resigned to learn the art of coat making. Having learned the cutting system, he found himself in possession of all of the branches of the tailor-

was assisted by Rev. Mr. Sampson, presiding elder of the Newport district of the New England A. M. E. conference; Rev. William H. Thomas, Jr., Providence, R. I.; Rev. John Hagins, Fall River, and Rev. William Wade Ryan, Union Baptist church. Rev. Henry J. Johnson was born in Centreville, Queen Anne County, Maryland, in 1816. His father was a freeman, but his mother was a slave. Both died when he was very young. In 1831 he escaped from bondage, was arrested by kidnappers, and



MR. JOHN W. STROTHER,

See page 896. COLUMBUS, OHIO.

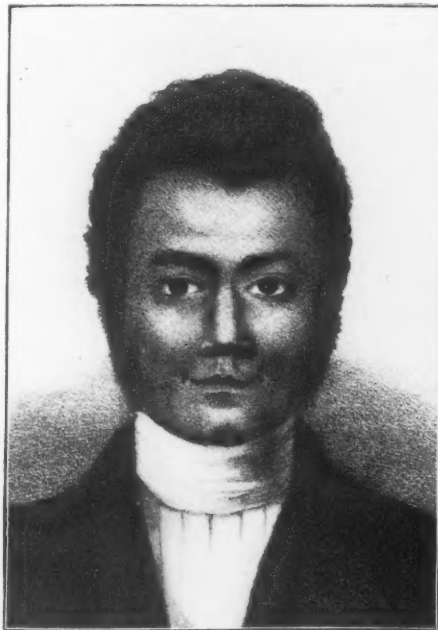
ing trade. After two successful years in the employ of one of the highest grade tailors in the city, he launched a business for himself. And during the five years of his business career he has been eminently successful, and has for his patrons the leading citizens and dressers of both races.

The funeral services of Rev. Henry J. Johnson were held in the Bethel A. M. E. church, New Bedford, Mass., Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 10, 1903. Rev. William Lynch, pastor, officiated, and

lay in New Castle jail three months. His captors failing to find his owners, he was released, after which he arrived in Camden, N. J., in November, 1831. He remained in Camden until March, 1832, when he started for New York, where he found his uncle, who had escaped many years before. He married in August, 1832. In 1833 he was converted and united with the A. M. E. church. In 1838 he was licensed to preach by Rev. William Cornish and began his ministry in New York city. In 1842 he

was ordained by Bishop Morris Brown and Bishop Wayman and was sent to take charge of the church at Norwich, Conn. Subsequently he served with great acceptance the following churches: Boston, New Bedford, Newport, R. I.; Worcester, Cambridge, Lynn, Plymouth, Portland, Me.; Fall River, Bristol and Trenton. He was sent to Newark, N. J., and at the same time had the oversight of Rahway, Elizabeth and Morristown. He also served the church at

cost of \$1800, and in 1844 Rev. Mr. Johnson was appointed pastor. Later he served the church one year and still later was appointed to fill the unexpired term of Rev. William Demond. In 1854 the building was destroyed by fire. The present building was begun in 1855. The cornerstone was laid by Joseph R. Turner, but no work on the church was done until Rev. Mr. Johnson at length formed the "One Object Society" to complete the work. Finally, by persistent efforts,



REV. HENRY J. JOHNSON.

See page 897.

Buffalo, N. Y., two years. At the beginning of the year 1842 the A. M. E. church did not own a foot of land in all the New England States. Rev. Mr. Johnson bought the first church in Boston, and that property aided in the purchase of the present Charles-St. Church. Later in the same year he came to New Bedford and assisted in organizing the church here, being one of the charter members. Only one of the latter, Jesse Richardson, survives. Before the close of the year 1842 a house of worship was built for the New Bedford society at a

aided by liberal contributions from the public, the church was finished and paid for. To Mr. Johnson the church has been greatly indebted. The New England conference was organized in this city in 1852, and Mr. Johnson figured conspicuously in this also.

Rev. Mr. Johnson leaves a widow and an adopted daughter, Elizabeth C. Carter.

* * * * *

The officers of a militia company in New Orleans see trouble ahead. They fear that now, since there are military

organizations composed exclusively of Negroes, a general encampment might bring these Negro soldiers in direct contact with the white guardsmen. The white soldiers, they say, might be compelled to deal officially with colored officers of equal rank, and "Southern white soldiers might find themselves 'in the same command with companies of colored men.'"

In the contemplation of this possibility, Southern white men become indignant. But the War Department says that there is no danger of a clash, and that there has been little or no dissatisfaction because of the presence in the army of the Negro infantry and cavalry regiments. One official has been quoted as saying that the Southern "men have no more right to be dissatisfied or apprehensive of trouble than they would have if a Negro body were allowed to parade as part of a column otherwise composed of white men." The number of Negro guardsmen is small. There are none in this State and so few in the country that there seems to be no good ground for an hysterical outbreak on the part of Southern soldiers.

An Ohio battalion of Negroes was conspicuous at Camp Alger in 1898. It was composed of men who were a credit to the service. Its officers were all Negroes, who compared favorably with their white comrades in intelligence and in faithful performance of duty. The commanding officer, Major Young, also a Negro, was justly proud of his men, who were stationed where they could easily be observed by their white campmates. Men who were on duty there remember that Southern officers and enlisted men omitted, whenever it was possible, to exchange salutes with the Ohio Negroes, but they never disputed the fact that the Negroes were good soldiers.

The soldiers who now look forward with fear to a possible general encamp-

ment with a sprinkling of black troops might, if the occasion presented itself, do as did their comrades at Camp Alger. This might make the black troops uncomfortable, but it would not detract from their worth and would not drive the men out of the service. As the matter stands now, there is no excuse for apprehension. The danger of white guardsmen being displaced or even disturbed by Negro soldiers is so remote that time spent in considering remedies or preventive measures is lost.—Tribune, New York.

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Bloodthirsty white men of the South take mean advantage of Afro-Americans, then take advantage of each other in the same way. The South has become a literal training school in butchery and crimes, and does not scruple in its summary dealings against whom it would. Presumptuous in its vicious intent to first assert itself regardless of the demands of law, it executes its will, it enters into an unholy alliance with lawless partisans to shield itself in hellish iniquity. Thus in the case of James Tillman, ex-lieutenant governor of South Carolina, tried for killing Editor N. S. Gonzales, the verdict of "not guilty," as pronounced by the jury, stands today as one of the most daring miscarriages of law now known in the annals of American jurisprudence. To release a man from the clutches of the law in the face of prima facie evidence substantiating his guilt, betrays the inhumanity of a cowardly jury. Tillman reckoned on his probable chance of acquittal even before he committed the crime. It was a base conspiracy, conceived and entered into, that Tillman should murder Editor Gonzales and the court should not harm him. In this unavenged murder, other bad men find license to hunt down their man and shoot him to death. The beginning of these villainous tragedies found its outgrowth in the wanton and reckless kill-

ing of black men. It has grown with its growth and strengthened with its strength, until today it has culminated in a bold and indiscriminate slaughtering of citizens and little or nothing done about it. Ex-Confederate General King of Memphis murdered Lawyer Poston, and at this time is serving out a life sentence in the Tennessee penitentiary. But today public sentiment inclines to lawlessness and bad men are finding favor with bribed juries. Editor Gonzales was a democrat and so is Tillman, but it is the strong against the weak, or in other words, it is a growing feeling of defiance and mob violence dominating the better element, which stands for law and order. But we contend for the full claims of human justice and whatever may conserve the demands of free government. We have long warned our countrymen to stand firm for the rights of the people and the sacredness of law. Our government under existing circumstances cannot maintain her recuperative power. It may survive, yet dissolution may come. Which shall it be?

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To the Editor of the Herald:

We have been much interested in the humane, manly and outspoken attitude of the Herald in regard to the Negro question. The editorials have again and again excited our admiration. The question of miscegenation, the admixture of white blood which is given on the male side, coming from the educated whites, and without the bond of marriage, has been fearlessly emphasized in the Herald columns, while ignored in almost all other publications.

You have added most valuable data to the subject under discussion, emphatically so in the testimony given by Bishop Douet of Jamaica, testimony that coincides with our own experience in Nassau, N. P., where, with a population more than three-quarters black (not colored), the crime is unknown for which Negroes

in our Southern States are lynched and burned alive. The constabulary of Nassau is wholly black, the place is garrisoned by black regiments in which only the superior officers are white. Among the Negroes of the Bahamas serious crimes are almost unknown. The full-blooded Negro is more common than with us; the "colored" man is looked upon as superior to the "black" man, and has closer social relations with the whites.

I write to express the appreciation and gratitude of some of your women readers. We find the news in all the papers, but in the Herald editorials we recognize a power capable of worthily moulding public opinion in various directions.

J. Osgood.

Eddyville, Sept. 28, 1903.

* * * * *

A telegram from Chicago, Ill., tells us that the heirs of "Click" Mitchell have received their proportion of the damages awarded on account of his having been lynched in Ohio. Some of his relatives resided in Cook county, Illinois, and they are now, for the time being, smiling. This result was obtained under the Harry C. Smith Anti-Lynching statute. The beneficiaries were Mrs. Lillian Brown and Mrs. Daisy Paine of Chicago, sisters of Charles W. Mitchell, who was lynched at Urbana, O., June 4, 1897. Each secured one-fourth of a verdict of \$5000. The remainder went to the two heirs residing in Ohio. This is the crowning act in the life's work of Editor Smith and he has been generously praised by the right-thinking people throughout the country.—Richmond (Va.) Planet.

Thanks for the kind words, confrere.

The court and other costs incurred in carrying the case to the State supreme court, in addition to the five thousand dollars paid the heirs of "Click" Mitchell, aggregated quite another five thousand dollars, making a total of ten

thousand dollars in all that Champaign county, Ohio, was mulcted of for permitting that lynching. This, under Ohio's Anti-Lynching law. More than this and still better, is the fact that this State has not had any other lynching since the passage of the act in 1896. The "Click" Mitchell affair came right upon the heels of a decision of a judge of a common pleas court of Ohio, that the law was "unconstitutional." The State supreme court later decided to the contrary, notwithstanding.

A Logan county, Ohio, mob roughly handled three persons, two men of color and a white woman (since the Urbana "Mitchell" lynching), ducking them in a pond in November and forcing them to walk fifteen miles to Bellefontaine, O. For this, under our law, that county which adjoins Champaign, was forced to pay the victims who were not seriously injured, two thousand and seven hundred dollars. And the money was promptly paid, too.

About two years ago an Afro-American was arrested in that Urbana which saw the lynching of "Click" Mitchell, also charged with the usual heinous crime. Was he lynched forthwith as

in the case just referred to? No, indeed! Ohio had a mob violence law that had made itself respected even in Urbana, Champaign county, as well as throughout the State. The result was a fair trial and the thorough exoneration of the individual arrested and so charged. This is just what would have happened in "Click" Mitchell's case had the law been allowed, by that now infamous Champaign county mob, to take its course. Mitchell was innocent of the crime charged. Later developments proved beyond all question or doubt that no such crime was ever committed on the woman (white), Mrs. Gaumer, by "Click" or anyone else.

To sum up the matter for Ohio requires therefore but a moment: The Ohio Anti-Lynching law has practically put an end to lynching in Ohio, and mulcted two counties of the State of quite thirteen thousand dollars for one lynching and one mob violence demonstration, both of which were projected while the constitutionality of the law was being questioned or being attacked in the courts of the State.

The results are glorious! Thank the Lord!—Cleveland Gazette.



"The Race Problem Unmasked." By Everett James Waring, LL.B., A.M., of Columbus, Ohio. 350 pp. Handsome binding. Price \$1.50 net. Eureka Publishing Co., Columbus, Ohio.

Mr. Waring is a prominent lawyer of the Ohio bar, the first colored attorney to argue in the United States Supreme Court, and the only colored man who

ever sat on the bench in the State of Ohio. As teacher, editor, federal officeholder, lawyer, orator, and scholar, Mr. Waring is known throughout the United States.

The author has given twenty-five years to a conscientious study of race conditions. By travel, reading and personal interviews with thousands of white

and black people, he has acquired a vast fund of information as to the race problem. This book will prove to be one of the most notable yet written, among the many books dealing with the great politico-economic-sociological question,—the American "Race Problem." The book should be widely read and faithfully studied.

"The Ethiopian: His Song." By Dan Hackley Winston. 70 pp. Paper. Price, 25 cents. National Baptist Publishing Board, Nashville, Tenn.

Paul Laurence Dunbar has a possible rival in Dan Hackley Winston, a young colored man of Nashville, Tenn., who has produced a book of poems with the title given in the heading. It is a paper-bound volume of seventy pages, containing thirty-six short specimens of verse, several of which reveal the genuine poetic quality, while all evince education, with some degree of literary culture. The following, the initial poem of the collection, is unique in its theme and interesting:

A HEROINE UNSUNG.

Since Psyche won the god of love's
own love;
Since Paris' bosom mighty passions
tore,
And faithless Helen made two armies
prove
Their valor on the Asiatic shore,
Poets have raved and sung their beauty
o'er.
The Greek, the Gaul, the knight of
sunny Spain,
Amorous verses to their maids out-
pour,
And sing their glory in heroic strain—
But none have sung of thee—and thou
dost not complain.
No verse is framed in honor of thine
eyes,
O lovely maid of Ethiopic line;
No love-born arias, fraught with tears
and sighs,

Are voiced for thee—'t is not that
none repine,
For all the charms of maidenhood are
thine;
And those who love thee whisper in
thine ear
Accents far softer than this lay of mine,
And sweeter than Caucasian cavalier
F'er sang by moonlight night, and called
his love to hear.

Oh, then! with kindness hear the hum-
ble song
I sing to thee, thou maid of darker
hue!
And if the singing was delayed too
long,
Let this redeem it; 't is in spirit true;
And heart does well what hand half
fails to do—
Extol thy virtues—and if short I fall
In my attempts to hold them up to
view,
'T is that the power lies beyond my
call
To paint thee as thou art, the sweetest
girl of all.

"When Leonie's in the Choir" is a specimen of musical verse fully equal to the current poetry of the newspapers and magazines. It is as follows:

The kindly organist, they say,
On Sundays when to church I go,
Chooses the saddest songs to play,
But I can scarce believe 'tis so—
The music seems so full of fire
Because Leonie's in the choir.

The minister may preach in vain,
The music has no charm for me—
't is when my longing eyes I strain
And her dear face I cannot see.
I have one thought, but one desire—
To see Leonie in the choir.

At last I see her—she was late—
She takes her old, accustomed place;
The preacher, wonderful to state,
Has now a far more pleasant face;
The music doth my soul inspire
Because Leonie's in the choir.

Others equally as good may be found through the volume, and the one given below is taken at random:

ABANDON.

The daylight has faded, not e'en twilight lingers;

Without all is moonlight, and soft is the breeze;

Within, lady, play! let your soft, gentle fingers

Move softly, move lightly, move over the keys.

Oh, play! while the moon, in her shimmering splendor,

Sends in through the window a rich flood of light;

Though mystic her beam, though her kiss may be tender,

Your kiss is far sweeter, your eyes are more bright.

Play on to my heart, lonely, silently aching!

You know not its secret, you know not its woe!

Oh, play while 't is sad, while it is throbbing and breaking,

It beats with the music, now high and now low.

Oh, play a wild rapture that scoffs at my dreaming!

My heart would be sad, let the music be gay.

My sadness of spirit it mocks in its scheming,

So madly, so gladly, play on, lady—play!

The author is apparently not more than 25 years old. He is one of his race who gives gratifying evidence of its progress and capacity.

"Socialism and the Negro Problem." By Chas. H. Vail. 16 pp. Paper. Price 5 cents. New York: Comrade Publishing Company.

This little book is a plea for the Negro in the working world by the Socialist party, which adopted resolutions at the national convention at Indianapolis, Ind., July, 1901.

The work is interesting as setting forth the points of mutual interest between the white and the black laborer. Every Negro voter should read this pamphlet.

"Poems and Essays." By Jordan W. Tutt. 15 pp. Paper. Price, 15 cents. Paris, Missouri.

Mr. Tutt has the true poetic spirit and has given us some excellent work in his little book. We wish him success in his chosen profession.

"Wind Whisperings." By Charles Bertram Johnson. Callao, Missouri.

Mr. Johnson gives promise of taking high rank in his poetic offerings. The work is excellent.

"The Problem of the Social and Political Regeneration of Africa." By A. Kirkland Soga (late of the Civil Service of the Cape of Good Hope Native Affairs Department) Cape Colony, South Africa. (Nearly ready.)

This is a powerful work from the pen of the brilliant and gifted author and journalist, Mr. A. Kirkland Soga. The prospectus of this book has reached the editorial rooms of the "Colored American Magazine," and we predict for it a wonderful popularity among students and friends of our race.

Speaking of the Negro question as seen from a distance, Mr. Soga says: "I shall endeavor, too, to have something to say of the present crisis involving the National Council and the attitude of Afro-Americans toward it. We in South Africa hold that the time has gone past for Afro-Americans to deal with that question as a purely national one, and we believe that its scope is international, and that it claims the ardent

attention and co-operation of the different countries in which the black races are represented. We sincerely hope, therefore, that there will be no immoderate haste in reconstructing the present organization until the views of our kindred in other parts have been placed before the men and women of America."

"Twenty-Second Annual Report of the Principal of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, for the Year Ending May 31, 1903." Prof. Booker T. Washington. Tuskegee, Alabama.

In reading the annual report of Tuskegee Institute one is constantly amazed at the stupendous amount of work for good accomplished by the principal and teachers of the greatest lever in existence for the uplifting of the masses of the Negro race in America. One constantly has to ask the question, What would be the fate of the people in Darkest America if Prof. Washington were eliminated from the scene? Can we then, in the face of the fact that the greatest good must come to the greatest number through his methods, refuse to do our part of humanity's work by living without a few of life's luxuries that our brothers may at least enjoy the bread and water of civilization?

"The Good News According to Mark; or the Gospel for Children." By Rev. J. Allen Viney. Translated out of the Original Greek. Illustrated by Gustave

Dore. Third Edition. Cincinnati, Ohio. Geo. P. Houston, Publisher.

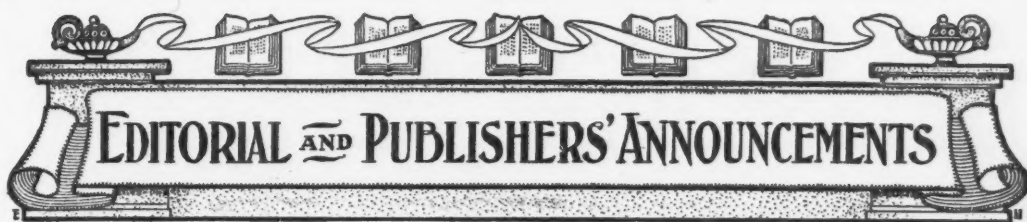
This is a strikingly thoughtful and scholarly work. It is full of wisdom, energy and zeal, and in this is typical of the earthly life of the Christ. It also impresses upon us as a people that the followers of the Nazarene must be divorced from sentiment, passion and lasciviousness, and must be wedded to active, thoughtful, intelligent work that leads to righteousness. The crucial test of a people's religion is the measure of their power for good, their intelligence and their works.

"The West African Mail." A weekly journal. Price, 10 cents. Annual Subscription, \$6. Post Free.

This weekly African journal is of great commercial interest to all Americans because of the vast areas open to all Americans for railways, bridges, electricity, telephones, etc. Africa will become the future cotton country of the world.

"The West African Mail" tells all that one wishes to know about this vast and wonderful land of the Blacks. It is placed before the public in an attractive dress and is a veritable mine of information. It gives special attention to Liberia, the American Colony in Africa, and will interest all those concerned in the proposed immigration of the Negro to his native land, and the development of the Colony.





**COLORED CO-OPERATIVE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
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PAULINE E. HOPKINS Literary Editor.

We give space to another letter from Mr. Norman Walker of New Orleans, although we think that we have afforded him already all the space that he can properly ask for the presentation of his opinion against the reasonableness and righteousness of recognizing the political rights and civic worth of colored folk who show themselves intelligent, moral and competent for the duties of citizenship. But the Herald does not like to have any contributor feel that he has been unjustly treated in discussion without allowing him an opportunity to set himself right in his own way. He has not been wilfully misrepresented.

That he does not relish being classed with Tillman and Vardaman as an opponent of Negro education is creditable to him. The inference we expressed was not an illogical one, and was warranted by his own argument. The only ground upon which education of the Negro can have justification is that he is a man having an equal right with all other men to the largest improvement of mind and character of which he is capable. This right is increased, not diminished, by the fact that he is a freeman and the citizen of a democratic republic. Mr. Walker does not indicate what kind of education, nor how much education, he is willing the Negro race may have. We affirm that its members may have, and should be encouraged to acquire, all that it is

possible for them to acquire, to the end that they may make of themselves the wisest men and women and the most useful that they can possibly become, and the gain of one generation shall be bettered by the gain of the next, according to the law of progress that has brought the white race to its present stage of civilization and capacity.

We are not willing to presume to set bounds to the purpose of the Ruler of the Universe in the creation of the dark-colored races. We have no conceit of the white man's present superiority to the black man that enables us to assume that it is essential and will be eternal. There was a time when the Egyptian and the Babylonian, the Greek and the Roman regarded the undeveloped Germanic races with the same haughty racial contempt that some white men of the Southern States, where for 200 years the Negroes were held as captive slaves, now regard the descendants of their slaves. But there have been some marked reversals of superiority in the generations since, and on the whole civilization has not gone backward because of them.

In view of these historic changes of relative enlightenment and potency indicating to our understanding the foolishness of race pride, we are unready to assume that existing conditions are the final accomplishment of God's purpose

with the world or with America. We are still more unready to join in the oppression of any people, and in formulating laws or creeds to keep them down, lest haply we might be fighting against the plan of the Eternal. Our confidence and pride in the white race is strong enough to make us not afraid to give any other race necessarily living among us all just and charitable helps to its uplifting. If the white race is unable to stand and to maintain its virtue and distinction except by denying opportunities to the colored race and holding it in the thralldom of ignorance and enforced inferiority, the reasons for race pride in white men are shallow indeed.

But, and this is the conclusion to which Mr. Walker's argument tends, if members of the colored race shall be condemned never to enjoy the natural and just rewards of education and excellence of character, laboriously achieved, simply because they are Negroes, or have some strain of Negro blood, then the cultivation of their god-given minds and the increase of all manly aspirations is a shocking cruelty. If, in spite of intelligence, morality and earnest patriotism, shown by industry and probity, by public spirit in civil life, and by voluntary devoted support of the flag in war; if, in spite of exhibiting every qualification for good citizenship that is required of the Irishman, the German, the Frenchman, the Italian, the Swede, or the Slav, who was not born an American citizen, to entitle him to participate with Americans in the privilege of voting and holding office, they must despair of just appreciation of their merit because of their race, and because white men are distrustful of the power of the charms of the women of their own race to hold their sons from marriage with educated and refined women of color, then there is no logical lot for the colored race but such favor and consideration as they may find in a perpetual serfdom.

Mr. Walker says we have done him injustice by certain phrases of characterization that we have applied to his views, or to him as a representative of certain views. We have desired to treat him fairly, and we are quite sure that we have not represented him more unfairly than he constantly represents the Herald by his favorite phrase, "negrophilist," and his repeated intimation that we favor putting the Negro, no matter what his character or his qualifications, above the white man. Never has the Herald given reasonable cause for such representation of its opinions or policy. It has always opposed the rule of ignorance and vice, in Massachusetts and New York as well as in Louisiana and South Carolina. But it does not hold that white men alone are capable of intelligent and honorable citizenship only because they are white, and that Negroes are incapable and must be excluded from participation in government because they are Negroes.

He asserts, also, that we have not replied to his argument and references to the experience of other countries where the two races live side by side, having equal rights under the law. Early in the discussion, if it may be called a discussion, we declared that the circumstances in the South American states and the West Indies were so different in the matter of settlement and present conditions, that reasoning from conditions there to conditions here was by no means conclusive. He declares that we have cited no instance where colored folk have been permitted to hold office without as a direct result the encouragement of miscegenation and consequent race degradation. Well, we will now name Massachusetts. Negroes from time to time have been chosen to office and been given public employments, and their children have been educated with white children in the common schools of all grades and in the colleges, and there is no in-

fluence and effect such as he forebodes. A large proportion of the colored folk in the state are mulattoes, but few of them were born here. About half of all the colored people in Massachusetts have come from four Southern States, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, where the abundance of persons of mixed blood cannot be due to Negro office-holding. The truth is that educated Negroes, taught in morality and encouraged to self-respect, not kept in a state of dependence on the favor of the whites, are more apt than others to be reluctant to enter into such relations, whether legitimate or illegitimate. The few mixed marriages occurring here are in the lowest ranks of both races.

On this point let us quote from a little book entitled "Two Addresses on Negro Education in the South," lying on our table, written by a fellow-citizen of Mr. Walker, Mr. A. A. Gunby of the Louisiana bar:

Miscegenation in the South has always been and will always be confined to converse between white men and colored women, and the number of mulattoes in the future will depend absolutely on the extent to which white men restrain their immoral dealings with Negro females. . . . Let those who believe in and demand the highest and purest standard of Anglo-Saxon blood and manhood begin a crusade against the white men who would lower that standard by mixing their blood with that of an inferior race. The gravity of the situation may be appreciated when I state that in a town of 10,000 inhabitants 500 negroes are supported in idleness by white paramours. This is something worse than the social evil. However, if moral restraints fail, I believe that education is the best possible means to fortify Negro women against the approaches of libertines. Observation proves this to be emphatically true.

And would honorable and well recompensed occupations for educated colored women, such as waiting on the applicants for books in a library or teaching in a public school, be less likely, or more likely, to fortify them in resistance to "the approaches of libertines?"

Mr. Walker's assertion that we have not met his arguments in any essential point, but have avoided them, shall be left without contradiction on our part. The readers of the Herald who have read both sides are quite capable of judging as to that. At any rate, we shall not assume the role of umpire over a discussion in which we have borne a part. We leave to him whatever gratification he may derive from the conviction that he has routed the Herald, together with the satisfaction he takes in the numerous letters he has received approving of his success, only remarking that there has never been a time, before or since emancipation, when a defender of extreme Southern opinion on the race question could not find supporters in Massachusetts. We trust that Mr. Walker will contentedly rest on the laurels which he is so sure he has won.—*Boston Herald*.

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During the year 1904 we hope to eclipse in every way the work of the past year, and place our Magazine in the front rank of regular monthly publications.

Agents will kindly have their remittances ready when our representative calls on them. By so doing they will save the management much trouble, and the collector great loss of time.

We make some very remarkable offers in our November number, that cannot fail to be of interest to the race in every section. We hope to mail thousands of our premiums to our patrons in every section of this country.

Anyone sending two two-cent stamps to this office will receive a copy of "The Colored American Magazine." This offer will hold good until further notice.

We make this offer to secure the advantages of advertising; we wish to reach every home in the United States. Tell your friends and neighbors.

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"That the Negro is advancing toward an improved condition there is conspicuous proof in the many and well-attended schools called into existence by his demand for enlightenment, in the general respect accorded the utterances of such a cultured member of the race as Booker T. Washington, in the multiplying number of blacks found in the practice of medicine and law, and in the strengthened position of the race in the financial, commercial, and industrial affairs of the cities East and South. But additional evidence, not of common knowledge, is the better and more abundant literature issued in the cause of the Negro. Many newspapers are published for his entertainment and improvement, and in Boston there is the relatively new "Colored American Magazine," a monthly more beautiful in its typographic finish than most of its white rivals. It is devoted to the literature, science, music, art, religion and traditions of the Negro race, and fulfills its mission creditably, being illumined with pleasing illustrations, and having for its obvious purpose the cultivation of the best that the Negro has in him and, generally, the presentation of the brighter side of life to him." —"The Madison Democrat."

We call the attention of our readers to the Great Diamond Ad. of the Loftis Bros. & Co., now running in our magazine. This great business house is one of the wealthiest and most prominent firms in Chicago; our patrons need not fear to enter into business arrangements with them. For those who wish to get really good value for their money, the instalment plan with the Loftis Bros. & Co. is the finest of opportunities to buy handsome jewelry at reasonable rates. Don't wait; there is no time like the present.

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We have arranged to go to press the tenth of each month, so that our readers may receive the magazine promptly the first of each month. Manuscripts and all other matter designed for a certain issue must be in the home office on or before that date.

All magazine orders should be forwarded as near the first of the month as possible, so that they may be accurately calculated and promptly filled. Delayed orders are at the risk of the sender after the tenth of each month, as the demands for the magazine are constantly increasing. Change of residence must be forwarded to office to insure delivery of magazine. If copy is not received, please notify home office.



NEGRO SUFFRAGE NOT A FAILURE.

HON. MOORFIELD STOREY.

Thirty-three years ago the Fifteenth Amendment became a part of the Constitution, and the Negro, already a citizen and assured of his right to life, liberty, and property by the Fourteenth Amendment, was secured against the denial of his right to vote by reason of his race. The adoption of this amendment marked the end of a long struggle for justice. Nearly a century before had "our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal;" but they lacked the courage to build as well as they knew, when they framed their government. "In the necessities of the hour," to quote the words of Emerson, "they overlooked the moral law, and winked at a practical exception to the bill of rights they had drawn up. They winked at the exception, believing it insignificant. But the moral law, the nature of things, did not wink at it, but kept its eyes wide open. It turned out that this one violation was a subtle poison, which in eighty years corrupted the whole body politic, and brought the alternative of extirpation of the poison or ruin to the Republic." While insisting that all men were created with an equal right to life and liberty, they undertook to hold nearly half a million men as slaves, and apparently believed that this attempt was safe. Yet at the very outset of the experiment began the irrepressible conflict, which, steadily increasing in violence and bitterness, culminated in the civil war with all its frightful suffering and loss. This was the penalty which the nation paid for persisting in a policy of injustice; it was the inevitable consequence of that policy, and not till

the flower of our youth on both sides was in large measure dead or disabled by wounds,—not till we had suffered as many plagues as were visited upon Pharaoh, did we resolve to do right.

While the wounds of the war were still bleeding and its lesson was fresh in our minds, we decided to do justice and secured the equal rights of all men by appropriate additions to our fundamental law. It was the supreme moment in our history. The nation then reached its highest moral level, and, judged by its national action, seemed to share the faith which Charles Sumner thus expressed:

"Show me a creature with lifted countenance looking to heaven, made in the image of God, and I show you a Man who, of whatever country or race, whether bronzed by equatorial sun or blanched by polar cold, is with you a child of the Heavenly Father, and equal with you in all the rights of human nature."

For a generation the wisdom of this course has not been questioned, at least in the North. The Republican party has pointed with pride to its achievements in behalf of human freedom and equal rights, and upon these has rested its claim to the support of the moral forces in the nation. Lincoln, Sumner, Andrew, Seward, Chase, the authors of its policy, have been its Saints and Prophets, and have been held in the highest honor.

Now, however, we are told that the policy of justice is wrong, that it was a mistake to treat Negroes as citizens, and that it is expedient now to deprive them of the right to vote, which they have, in theory at least, enjoyed so long.

Secretary Root, who is a spokesman of the Republican Administration, tells us that Negro suffrage "has proved a failure." Dr. Lyman Abbott, its devoted supporter, says, "Suffrage must wait for education. Education is primary; political rights are secondary. We have tried the experiment of giving to the Negro suffrage first and education afterward, and bitterly has the country suffered from our blunder." The Boston "Herald" says, "It is now, we think, generally recognized that a mistake was made at the close of our Civil War in according suffrage generally to the emancipated Negro."

These are quoted as different expressions of essentially the same view coming from different quarters, and it is a view which, doubtless, is for the moment very common. Its expression encourages many men in the South to resolve, as the Charleston "Evening Post" openly says: "We will subordinate the Negro and not worry about the fundamental forms of government." In a word, these thinkers say that the policy of justice has failed, while others like the New York "Sun" even suggest that we must repeal the Fifteenth Amendment and try oppression again.

Yet it may well be doubted whether those who express these views have not spoken upon a hasty general impression rather than a careful study of the conditions which confronted this country at the end of the Civil War, and whether they have considered either the purpose or the results of the policy then adopted. Justice in human government never fails, and any one who concludes in a given case that it has failed, must revise his premises.

Was it a mistake to give the Negroes the right to vote? Whether it was or not, is it right now to deprive them of it? Has Negro suffrage proved a failure? These are questions not merely for the Southern States, but for us all,

since, to borrow Emerson's statement of a fundamental political maxim, "Only that State can live in which injury to the least member is recognized as damage to the whole."

What were the conditions which confronted us when the Civil War ended? The entire social, political, and industrial system of the Southern States was shattered. Of their men had been slain more than were killed of Englishmen in all the wars of England from the Norman conquest till 1865. The property of the white population was gone, their slaves were free, some of their cities and many of their homes were in ruins, their fields were desolate, they had no capital, their labor was disorganized. They felt that their cause was just, but that they had been defeated by overwhelming force. They believed that slavery was right, but slavery had been abolished. Bereaved, impoverished, and defeated, the white people of the South could not help feeling the bitterness of their lot nor could they have any sentiment of cordial loyalty towards their conquerors. Taught from their cradle that the Negroes were an inferior race, they could not help looking down upon them,—they could not help thinking them unfit for freedom,—they could not help believing and wishing that the Negroes should be kept in a position of subordination. We may be sure that the sentiment which resented so bitterly the entertainment of Booker Washington by the President was quite as strong a generation ago, when the slaves were first freed and every master was smarting with the sense of recent loss.

On the other hand the Negroes had inherited only the curse of slavery, they had with rare exceptions no education, they had no land, no property, no homes, no money, no habits of thrift, no experience in caring for themselves. But yesterday they had been chattels with no

rights and no hopes. To-day they were free, but in every other respect they were unchanged.

There were besides these classes some white Union men whom their neighbors hated with intense bitterness as traitors to the Southern cause, and whose lives and property were safe only through the protection afforded by the Federal troops. No one who will study the records of this period can doubt that this statement of the conditions which existed in the South when the war ended is in no respect exaggerated.

What then was necessarily the object to be accomplished by legislation? In the answer to this question lies the difference between the opposing views upon this subject. The object was not primarily to secure well-tilled fields, well-ordered towns, an industrious laboring class, nor even a legislature, a bench and an executive taken from the ablest men in the State. All these results had been secured by slavery. Had these been the object of our policy, slavery need never have been destroyed. It was because these advantages, the material prosperity of a few, had been gained by the degradation of a whole race,—because millions of human beings had been denied the rights and hopes of humanity, that slavery was abolished, and unless we carried the work through we had far better never have begun it. The same reason that led us to abolish slavery forbade us to establish any legal inequality between man and man. Anything less than equality of rights was sure to be

the seed of future trouble. It would mean slavery modified, but not abolished. The conditions which confronted Congress were the legitimate fruits of slavery, and it was the clear duty of the nation to make an end of the evil, root and branch, to lay the foundation of a free society deep and sound. The object of our policy was to make men,—to turn some millions of "chattels" into human beings, first to secure their freedom against all dangers, and then to help them from the wretched slough of despond in which slavery had left them up to the firm ground of self-respecting manhood.

No more difficult problem was ever presented to a law-giver. Had the attitude of the white population been different, the way would have been smoother. During the four years of war which had just ended, while the men of the South were at the front, the women and children were left in the charge of the Negroes, and the trust was faithfully kept. The Negroes tilled the fields and raised the crops which fed the Southern armies, and in effect carried upon their backs the soldiers who were fighting to keep them in slavery. History affords no example of loyalty like this, and had the masters been willing to accept the situation and to help their former slaves to become men, they could have exercised a legitimate control over their actions, and the transition from slavery to freedom might have been comparatively easy.

(To be concluded.)

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...Announcements for 1903...

The Colored American Magazine

WHICH began its sixth volume with the November (1902) issue, is now one of the recognized forces at work for the betterment of the entire Afro-American race, not only in this country, but throughout the world. Each month the scope of its influence broadens and the interest in its future among both whites and blacks is constantly on the increase. In this connection it is a most gratifying fact to note that fully one-third of our regular readers are white people. We venture the assertion that **THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE** at the present time reaches more libraries and reading clubs that are composed largely of the whites than any other publication issued by the race, and still our subscriptions from these two sources are constantly on the increase.

In preparing the feast of good things for our many readers for the new year we have had ever in mind the fact that while ours is distinctively a race magazine, yet our readers expect and must have the very best that the literature of the race can produce, in the form of Serial Stories, Short Stories and Poems. Besides these entertaining features, however, our pages during the coming year will give to our thousands of readers the best thoughts of the recognized race leaders, on all subjects that are of importance to the true progress of our people.

The following stories, articles, and series of articles which will appear during the coming year will prove of special interest:

OF ONE BLOOD; or, The Hidden Self. By PAULINE E. HOPKINS.

That this new story (which begins in our November (1902) issue) will meet the expectation of every reader there is no doubt. It is the crown and glory of the author's work to date. A most powerful psychological novel, dealing with the temporal and spiritual solution of the greatest question of the age — The Negro. It will run for twelve months.

GREAT AFRICAN SERIES: Ethiopians of The Twentieth Century.

During the new year we shall begin a series of articles on the present condition and future prospects of the Black Race in South Africa under Boer and Briton, as set forth by "Izwi Labanter" (The Voice of the People), which is the sole medium of native opinion in the South African Colony. The series will be fully illustrated from special photographs.

HEROES AND HEROINES IN BLACK.

This series will include tales of the brave deeds of men and women of lowly origin, who have proved by their actions that nobility of soul is a gift impartially bestowed by Mother Nature upon her children of all races and of every clime. Whenever possible portraits will accompany the sketches.

FOOTSTEPS OF THE REDEEMER; or, The Story of Christ's Earthly Pilgrimage. By CHARLES WINSLOW HALL. A Powerful Biography of the World's Greatest Personality, prepared exclusively for readers of the Afro-American Race. *Fully illustrated.*

As the passing centuries have pushed us farther and farther from the time of Christ, they have been raising Him higher and higher in the background, until, today, there is no figure on the horizon of history so great and of such universal interest. We are just reaching the point from which we can appreciate the Human Christ; we may never be removed far enough to comprehend the Divine Christ.

The interest in Christ, like His influence among men, is ever growing. To-day, so beautiful, so powerful, so infinite, is this personality, that even our novelists and literary critics are writing anew its history.

As an historic character, Christ now, more than ever, is felt and studied. So much of mystery and, spiritually, so much of theology enwraps Him, that it has been difficult hitherto — except by such adverse writers as Renan — to keep His humanity constantly in view and to write the life of the Man. This, in "Footsteps of The Redeemer," Mr. Hall has succeeded in doing. Much has come to light through historical and archæological research during the past twenty years that adds to our knowledge of the time and place in which Christ lived. With the Gospels as his authentic basis, taking the essence of the best that has been written, and working in the light of recent discovery, by eschewing processes and retaining results, by eliminating the vast mass of minor details — that clog most of the lives of Christ — and keeping all that are needed to make the pictures and history complete, the writer has given us a readable narrative in all its picturesque setting, that will interest and hold us to the end. It is history from an imaginative standpoint, free from all narrow theology, but broadly sympathetic throughout. It is just the work that every person can and ought to read, popular, lucid, complete, and written in a charming style.

No subject is so popular with artists as the life of Christ; we have, therefore, the masterpieces of the world's greatest painters to select from to illustrate this narrative.

GREAT ENGLISH AND AMERICAN CLASSICS.

The publishers of THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE have fully demonstrated the fact that a very large percentage of the readers of the race are not familiar with many of the leading English and American Classics. In order to bring the same directly before our subscribers, we have decided to begin the publication of several of the most famous of the classics at an early date. They will be profusely illustrated by our staff artist, Mr. J. Alexander Skeete, and will be, everything considered, the most elaborate series of illustrated stories ever undertaken by any race publication. We already have in hand the immortal "Christmas Carol" of Charles Dickens, and the sketch already made by Mr. Skeete for the same gives promise of a most beautiful number.

LIFE AND POEMS OF ELIJAH W. SMITH.

Elijah W. Smith learned the printers trade in the office of the *Liberator*, with William Lloyd Garrison. Few poets have understood better than he the elements of true poetry. His contributions to literature will always delight and instruct the lovers of liberty and pure refined society. Most of his poems were published in *The Boston Daily Traveller* and the *Saturday Evening Express* some twenty years ago.

REMINISCENCES OF LYDIA MARIA CHILDS.

These reminiscences, which will run through several issues of the magazine, tell in a most interesting way of the life and times of the great female Abolitionist. The articles have been written only after much research, and they have all had the approval of descendants of Mrs. Childs. The entire series will be illustrated with numerous engravings from portraits, as well as other special photographs.

FURNACE BLASTS. By J. SHIRLEY SHADRACH.

These timely series by our prominent new contributor will embrace essays on the live issues of the hour affecting the race question. Among those to appear in early issues we mention the following: "The Growth of the Social Evil among all Classes and Races in America," and "White or Black — Which should be the young Afro-American Choice in Marriage?" This entire series will be unique; do not fail to read them.

WILL INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION SOLVE THE NEGRO PROBLEM?

This, the great and burning question of the day, will be considered by able writers of both races during the coming year. It has seemed to the publishers that a fair and impartial discussion of this mighty question, that so directly affects the future of the race at the present time, could not fail to be of great general interest, as well as being productive of much good. We realize that there are large numbers of our people who are arrayed on both sides of the question, and we further fully appreciate the fact that among some of our leaders are those bitterly opposed to this great wave of industrial education that is now sweeping over, not only this country, but the entire world. If, however, the real facts in relation to *both sides* of the question are clearly set before our readers we have confidence to believe that they will be able to draw their own conclusions, and thus decide intelligently this great question. Our pages will be open to those who favor as well as to those who oppose the industrial leading of the present day. It will certainly be the most remarkable series of articles ever undertaken by any race publication. The names of those who contribute to this series will be announced later.

"With malice toward none, and with charity for all," THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE hopes to be able through this series of articles to at least do its part in helping the race answer this question intelligently.

SOME FOREIGN CITIES I HAVE SEEN. By NICHOLAS H. CAMPBELL, U.S.N.

This attractive series, which begins in our November issue, will run in several of the issues during the year. The entire series is written after personal visits to the several cities mentioned, and the many illustrations are from special photographs secured by the author. Among those to appear in early issues we mention the following:

MADEIRA.—A short account of the island. The unique streets of Funchal, its capital. The queer customs of the people. A place where sleighs drawn by oxen take the place of carriages, and are used the year around without snow.

ANTWERP.—The story of the quaint old city of the Belgian lowlands. Its rude cathedrals and buildings. The astonishing manner in which milk is brought direct from the farm and distributed through the city in wagons drawn by women and dogs. A word about the great masterpieces of Rubens.

LONDON.—A brief account of a short visit to the world's greatest metropolis. London compared with our own great New York. St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey. Glimpses of many other famous buildings, together with a view of The Strand, which is the Broadway of London.

PALERMO.—A short story of the island and its capital. A trip through the great catacombs and cathedrals. A walk through a valley of lemons. Other cities and countries will be announced later.

THE NEGRO IN THE LIFE OF AMERICA.

Each day, week and month, the Afro-American race is ingrafting itself more firmly into the very life and fibre of this great nation. How far this ingrafting has already gone is but little realized by either the white or black races. It is only when we pause and take a broad view of the entire field that one fully realizes the mighty work that the race is doing. And yet it has but just begun, and if we as a people can receive *just and fair treatment* at the hands of the American people, our future thoughts, prayers and efforts will all tend in one direction, and that to assist in every honorable way that we can in helping to more firmly establish the greatest Republic that the world has ever seen.

In order that both races, in fact, that all peoples, may have a clearer and more comprehensive idea of just what the Negro Race has accomplished to date, we shall begin in an early issue of the magazine the publication of a series of write-ups of many of the leading cities of the country. These write-ups will contain many facts hitherto unknown as to the actual status of the race in a business sense. Among the earlier cities to be written up in this series we mention the following: New Orleans, La., Birmingham, Ala., Atlanta, Ga., Nashville, Tenn., St. Louis, Mo., and others to be announced later.

SHORT STORIES AND SPECIAL ARTICLES.

"THE FIRST CHRISTMAS BIRTHDAY." By CHAS. W. HALL.

The first Christmas Birthday was spent by the Christ-Child in Africa, which continent gave him a safe refuge from the murderous wrath of Herod, and was the kindly nursery of the infancy of our Lord. The illustrations for this story are from some of the most beautiful paintings of both ancient and modern times.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE: Her Life and Times. By G. GRANT WILLIAMS.

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THE MAKING OF AMERICAN SAILORS. By NICHOLAS H. CAMPBELL.

How Uncle Sam takes the raw recruits from the farm and city and makes defenders of the country of them.

THE NEGRO IN THE NAVY. By NICHOLAS H. CAMPBELL.

There is less written and therefore less known about the Negro in the navy than in any other service of the government. How southern officers fail to recognize the abilities of a good man on account of his color. How unfortunate that most of our black sailors are illiterate, and therefore a drawback to the others.

THE BLACK MAN'S BURDEN UNSEEN. By NICHOLAS H. CAMPBELL.

A tale of the race prejudice now being introduced into foreign countries by white Americans. How Porto Rico and Cuba are both being invaded by the poorer whites.

SOME VOLCANOES I HAVE SEEN. By NICHOLAS H. CAMPBELL.

A brief account of the deadly work of Mt. Vesuvius and Mt. Pelee, together with a short sketch of Stromboli and Mt. Aetna.

While these announcements include but a very small part of our plans for the new year, they will yet give our readers a glimpse of the many good things in store for them. Other and fully as important announcements will be made from time to time during the year.

We want able and energetic agents, either ladies or gentlemen, to represent us in every town and city throughout this country. To thoroughly reliable persons we offer positions as agents that can be made very profitable. If you mean business and desire to represent us, write for full particulars to our Circulation Department. It is surprising how much money some of our agents are making, and yet they are working for us but a part of the time.

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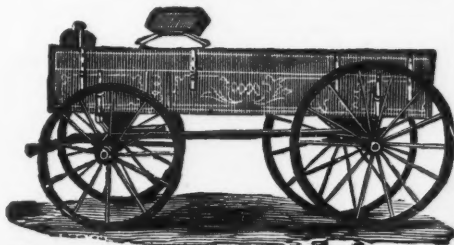
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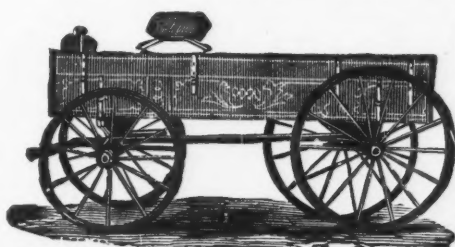
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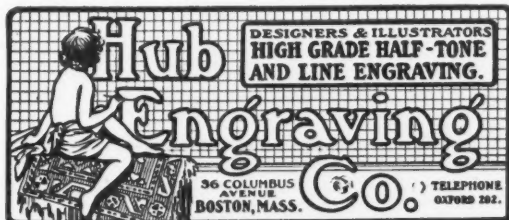
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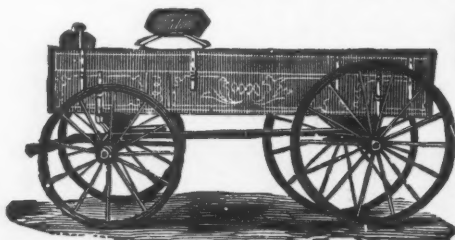


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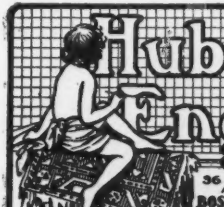
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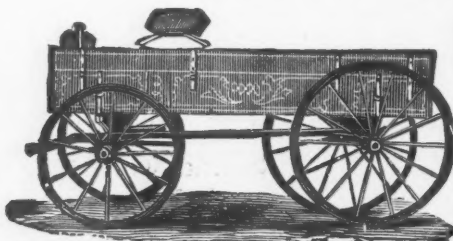
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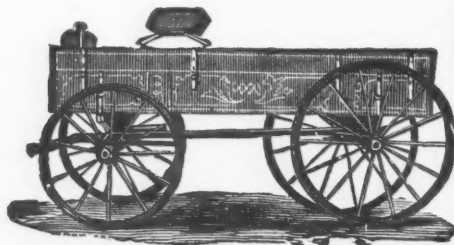


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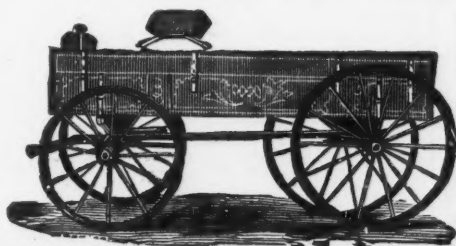
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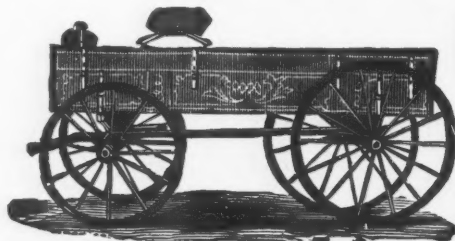
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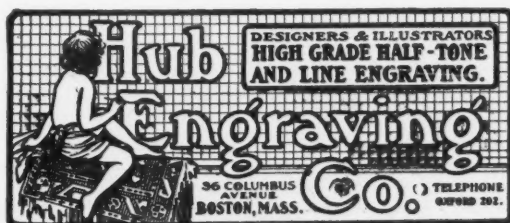
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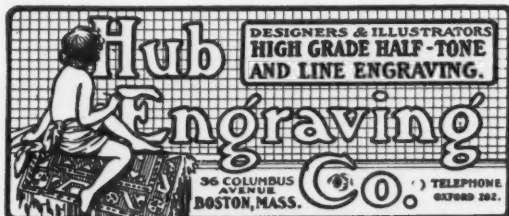
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THE SWITZERLAND OF AMERICA; or, Under Colorado's Turquoise Sky.
(Illustrated.) By S. B. MACKEY, Superintendent of Telegraph, Boulder, Colo.

Mr. Mackey is an Afro-American who has been extremely fortunate in his chosen profession. He has given us a fine series of articles, most beautifully illustrated by special photographs secured by him after personal visits to the scenes depicted.

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF COLORED WOMEN'S CLUBS. (Illustrated.) By MRS. ELIZABETH LINDSAY-DAVIS, National Organizer.

Miss Elizabeth C. Carter, New Bedford, Mass., will also contribute to this series.

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THE NEGRO IN THE LIFE OF AMERICA. (*Illustrated.*)

Each day, week and month, the Afro-American race is ingrafting itself more firmly into the very life and fibre of this great nation. How far this ingrafting has already gone is but little realized by either the white or black races. It is only when we pause and take a broad view of the entire field that one realizes the mighty work that the race is doing. And yet it has but just begun, and if we as a people can receive *just and fair treatment* at the hands of the American people our future thoughts, prayers and efforts will all tend in one direction, and that to assist in every honorable way that we can in helping to more firmly establish the greatest Republic that the world has ever known.

In order that both races, in fact, that all peoples, may have a clearer and more comprehensive idea of just what the Negro Race has accomplished to date, we shall begin in an early issue of the magazine the publication of a series of write-ups of many of the leading cities of the country. These write-ups will contain many facts hitherto unknown as to the actual status of the race in a business sense. Among the earlier cities to be written up in this series we mention the following: New York, Chicago, Harrisburg, Pa.; Columbus, O.; New Orleans, La.; Birmingham, Ala.; Atlanta, Ga.; Nashville, Tenn.; St. Louis, Mo., and others to be announced later.

A TRIP TO PARADISE. By HON. JOHN C. FREUND.

This is a series of eight articles on the island of Jamaica, written by Hon. John C. Freund, editor of "The Music Trades," Fifth Avenue, New York.

Last May Mr. Freund made a trip to Jamaica, and he embodied his observations and experiences while there in a series of sketches written in the most delightful manner by one whose genial nature finds the tiniest ray of sunshine and gives out its light for the cheering of his fellows. In these articles he has treated the race question in the simplest manner, and could all our Anglo-Saxon brothers be brought to this view of the matter, after his study of the great object lesson furnished by the black West Indian in Jamaica, the Negro problem would no longer exist.

Mr. Freund has consented to have these articles appear in the columns of THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE in order that our readers may have the benefit of a rare literary treat. Shall we despair when such friends rise up on every hand in unexpected places?

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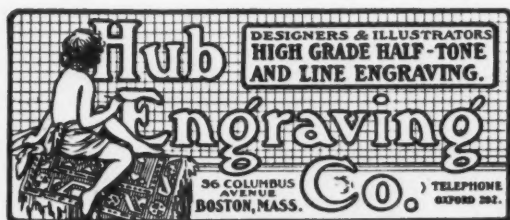
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